

THE FIELD AFAR

MARYKNOLL



From a painting by Lorenzo d'Alessandro, in the Vatican

MOTHER OF GOD, REMEMBER ME!

VOLUME XXX
SEPTEMBER

WUCHOW NUMBER

NUMBER 8
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The Field Afar—the Magazine of Maryknoll

THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

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CONTENTS

Our Second General.....	231
Glory Over "Ta Chung"....	234
Wuchow Comes to	
Lourdes	236
Our Lady of Victory.....	238
Kwangsi History.....	240
Editorials	242
The Wuchow Maryknoll....	244
Chuanchow Beginnings....	248
The Maryknoll Trail.....	250
"Beautiful Severity".....	254

THE FIELD AFAR is indexed in *The Catholic Periodical Index*, to be found in public libraries.

The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America

Most Reverend James Edward Walsh, M.M., Superior General

Established by action of the United States Hierarchy, assembled at Washington, April 27, 1911.

Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. Final Approval by Pope Pius XI, May 7, 1930.

"Maryknoll", in honor of the Queen of Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

Object—to train Catholic missionaries for the heathen, with the ultimate aim to develop a native clergy in lands now pagan.

Priests, students, and Auxiliary Brothers compose the Society.

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Bishop James Edward Walsh, of Cumberland, Md., and the Maryknoll Kongmoon Vicariate, Has Been Chosen To Succeed Our Co-Founder and First Superior General. He Was One of Maryknoll's Pioneer Missioners and Has Been Since 1918 in South China.



THE FIELD AFAR

SEPTEMBER, 1936



Maryknoll's Second Superior General

AS we go to press word comes that the *Sacred Congregation of Propaganda* in Rome has ratified the vote of our Extraordinary Chapter appointing as successor of Bishop James Anthony Walsh, Maryknoll's beloved co-founder and First Superior General, another Bishop Walsh—Bishop James Edward Walsh, Vicar Apostolic of Kongmoon, South China. Maryknoll's second General thus enters on his duties with a unique distinction, that of having succeeded both the Society's co-founders, for when Father Price, the Superior of our first mission in China, died at Hong Kong in 1919, it was the young Father James Edward Walsh who was chosen to replace him as leader of the pioneer Maryknoll venture in fields afar.

An Apostle of the Written Word—

To readers of the Maryknoll magazine our new General needs no introduction. The magic of his gifted pen has brought home to thousands in our country the splendor of the quest for souls, together with the bald truth that for the missionary in a very special degree Christ has made sacrifice the test of love. South China's ardent sky, its graceful bamboos, its song birds, the pathos of millions still groping in pagan darkness and the shadow of death, all this and more has he made real to Catholics of the United States. Like our first General he has been untiring in the apostolate of the pen, the great work of making Catholic America mission-conscious.

The New Council—

The four Councilors appointed to assist Bishop Walsh are Father

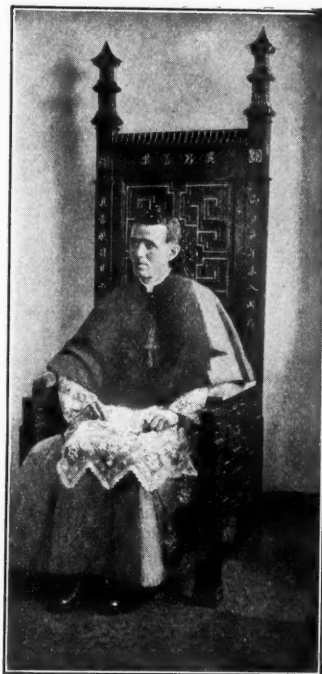
James M. Drought, of New York City, formerly of the Kaying Vicariate, China, Father William F. O'Shea, of Newark, N. J., formerly of the Kongmoon Vicariate, China, and at present Rector of the Maryknoll College at Clarks

Kiernan, of Cortland, N. Y., at present a missionary in the Wuchow Prefecture, China.

A Family of Staunch Catholics—

Though, with the exception of the middle ones, the names of our first two Superior Generals are identical, Bishop James Edward Walsh is not related to his great predecessor. His native State is not Massachusetts but Maryland, where he was born on April 30, 1891. His father, William Edward Walsh, was a well-known lawyer of Cumberland, prominent in Church activities. Mary (Concannon) Walsh, his mother, came from Montegut, Louisiana. Both are now dead. James Edward had eight brothers and sisters. One of his brothers is Judge William C. Walsh, of Cumberland and another brother, Father John F. Walsh, is also a Maryknoller, at present stationed at our College in Clarks Summit, Pa., after several years' service in Manchukuo. Three of Bishop James Edward Walsh's sisters have entered religion.

James Edward Walsh graduated from Mt. St. Mary's College at Emmitsburg, Md., where his father and his father's father also made their studies.



THE EPISCOPAL THRONE USED IN KONGMOON BY BISHOP JAMES EDWARD WALSH IS UNPRETENTIOUS, BUT INTERESTING IN ITS ORIENTAL MOTIFS. IT IS THE WORK OF MARYKNOLL'S BROTHER ALBERT STAUBLI, A NATIVE OF SWITZERLAND

Summit, Pa., Father John J. Con-sidine, of New Bedford, Mass., formerly of the *Fides News Service*, Rome, and Father Thomas V.

IF you wish to be a sharer in the work of the missionary, you must pay the price for it—personal sacrifice and effort.

James Edward Finds and Follows his Vocation—

In the spring of 1912 we find him seeking admittance to the projected Seminary of Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America (then still in its bleak cradle at rented quarters in the village of Hawthorne, N. Y.). From Hawthorne Father James Anthony Walsh wrote to the young Marylander, asking him among other things how his mission vocation came to him.

"I have read and been told about missionary work from child-

MARY, QUEEN OF APOSTLES, PRAY FOR US.



MARYKNOLL'S FIRST AND SECOND SUPERIOR GENERALS
This interesting picture dates from 1924 and was taken before either Bishop James Anthony Walsh (right) or Bishop James Edward Walsh received the purple

hood", answered James Edward, "and the idea just simply grew upon me." Yet it was not so matter of course a vocation as that at a time when scarcely ten isolated American missionaries were laboring in foreign lands, and Father Walsh must have seen more than a coincidence in the story of how God called this pioneer to the infant Maryknoll. When the Society found its permanent home at Maryknoll, N. Y., in the autumn of 1912, and opened its Seminary in a former farmhouse, James Edward was one of its six original students. As the Maryknoll faculty then consisted of but three, he attended courses at Dunwoodie, the New York Archdiocesan Seminary.

Three years later, still in the Farmhouse-Seminary, he was ordained to the priesthood, on December 7, 1915, by Bishop Foley of the Philippine Islands. Fol-

lowing his Ordination he was appointed Rector of the Maryknoll Preparatory College in Clarks Summit, Pa.

Maryknoll's First Mission Band—

In 1917, the Maryknoll Superior General, Father James Anthony Walsh, journeyed to the Orient in quest of a mission field for his priests. This was offered to him in South China by the Paris Foreign Mission Society. The offer having been approved by Rome, Maryknoll sent to the Far East, in September of 1918, its pioneer apostles to the Gentiles. They were four: Father Thomas F. Price, of Wilmington, N. C., co-founder of the Society; Father James E. Walsh, of Cumberland, Md.; Father Francis X. Ford, of Brooklyn, N. Y., now Vicar Apos-

A STRINGLESS shoe can halt your walk. A "Stringless" Gift makes Maryknoll go.

tolic of the Maryknoll Kaying field, South China; and Father Bernard F. Meyer, of Davenport, Ia., at present Prefect Apostolic of Maryknoll-in-Wuchow, also in South China.

"They took a last long look at Maryknoll, harder to leave than America. 'I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth.' (Ps. 25-8). . . . Yet even Maryknoll is little to leave for the quest that is theirs, so with the blessing of Him in Whose name they go, they are off into the night; a long night in a sense, for they are sent to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death, yet a night illumined by the Light that shines in darkness, and withal bright in hope." (*"Father McShane of Maryknoll"*, by Bishop James Edward Walsh.)

The Field of Our Pioneers—

The field of Maryknoll's first missionaries lies in the southwestern section of Kwangtung Province at the southern extreme of China, its long coastline washed by the South China Sea. Now known as the Vicariate of Kongmoon, its present area is about 20,000 square miles, approximately as large as West Virginia. The population of six millions are merchants and farmers chiefly, with the degree of literacy and general cultivation rather high. It includes Sancian Island, where in 1552 St. Francis Xavier breathed his last, his dying eyes fixed on the mainland of China. Its subtropical climate tries the body and soul of foreigners.

It was and remains one of the most arduous and least fruitful mission fields in all China, with a heartbreakingly small harvest of adult converts. Kongmoon, the first love of Maryknoll's pioneers, has also been the testing ground of their mettle, of their patience, and of their trust in the Divine Dealer in Paradoxes.

Shepherd of Kongmoon—

Leadership in this extraordinarily difficult section of the mission world was the heritage Father Price, dying less than a year

NEXT AFTER GOD IN OUR LOVE IS MARY;

after his arrival in China, bequeathed to Father James E. Walsh. The burden was shouldered and the Maryknoll mission venture for God and souls went on. The young Maryknoll leader was blessed by heaven in having for a time as his mentor and guide a veteran Paris Foreign missioner, Father (later Bishop) Auguste Gauthier.

In 1924, Father James E. Walsh was made a Prefect Apostolic. Three years later Kongmoon was raised to the status of a Vicariate and Monsignor Walsh was made titular Bishop of Sata, the first American-born Bishop to be consecrated in China.

The consecration took place at historic Sancian Island, on May 22, 1927. The consecrator, Bishop Fourquet, of Canton, was assisted by Bishop Nunes, of Macao, and Bishop Valtorta, of Hong Kong.

The Kongmoon Sheaf—

Looking over the years which have passed since the arrival in the Kongmoon sector of Maryknoll's pioneer mission band we find that three and a half thousand converts have been added to the original five thousand.

Considerable building has been done, and the Vicariate can be justly proud of various structures exemplifying the adaptation of Chinese art to Catholic ends, and thereby carrying out the wishes of the Holy Father and his Apostolic Delegate in China.

Mission stations have been established and manned in almost all the strategic positions of the Vicariate.

Training courses for native catechists have been inaugurated.

Bishop Walsh's well-organized *Little Flower Preparatory Seminary* houses sixty Chinese aspirants to the Catholic priesthood, and under the guidance of Maryknoll Sisters he has a group of young Chinese women training for a new Chinese sisterhood, to be known as the *Sisters of the Immaculate Heart*.

The Vicariate maintains for

boys and girls seven elementary schools, in addition to a secondary and an industrial school.

To the utmost of its means the Kongmoon Mission has always served Our Divine Lord in His afflicted members. The Vicariate has ten well-patronized dispensaries, as well as its *Sacred Heart Hospital* at Toishan. It harbors orphans, the aged and the blind; and its leper work, begun in the

Ad Multos Annos!—

For eighteen years has Maryknoll's new General borne the burdens and the heats of leadership in South China. And now God calls him to leave his beloved adopted people and to take up the still heavier load of directing all the American Foreign Mission Society's strivings for the extension of the Kingdom of God.

From heaven may his predeces-



OUR NEW GENERAL WILL MISS HIS BELOVED FLOCK, WHOM HE VISITED IN CONSTANT JOURNEYINGS, OFTEN ON FOOT UNDER SOUTH CHINA'S ARDENT SUN

autumn of 1934, already succors more than two hundred of these outcasts.

"*Sinite Parvulos Venire*", "Suffer the little ones to come unto me", is the episcopal motto of Kongmoon's Shepherd, and his Vicariate ranks first of all the Maryknoll territories in its Baptisms of abandoned infants.

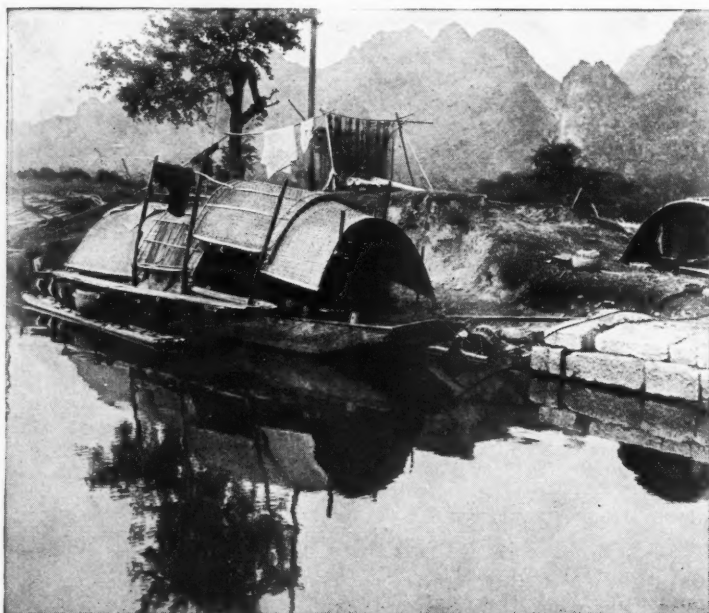
The Kongmoon Mission has given as precious seed to enrich its stubborn soil the bodies of four Maryknollers, two priests and two Sisters who consummated their labors in that far land of China.

sors, Maryknoll's saintly co-founders, powerfully aid him, and may the great-hearted cooperation of the Catholic hierarchy, clergy and laity of the United States which accompanied every project of our first Superior General be also his. Sweet Lady of Maryknoll, Queen of Apostles, smile on him, and may he find ever-renewed zeal and refreshment in the Sacred Heart of Jesus, experiencing with the Apostle of the Gentiles that: "*I can do all things in Him Who strengtheneth me.*" (Phil. 4: 13).

INFINITELY BELOW GOD, BECAUSE HE ALONE IS THE UNCREATED;

Glory Over "Ta Ch'ung"

By Father Francis Keelan, of Belmont, Mass., missionary of the Maryknoll Wuchow field, South China



A FERRY CROSSING ON THE ROAD TO KWEILIN, THE FORMER CAPITAL OF KWANGSI PROVINCE AND ANCIENT IMPERIAL CITY. FATHER KEELAN IS STATIONED IN THE NORTHERN, MANDARIN-SPEAKING SECTION OF THE MARYKNOLL WUCHOW FIELD, OF WHICH KWEILIN IS THE CENTER. NOTE THE CORMORANTS NEAR THE BOAT. THE CHINESE TRAIN THESE VORACIOUS BIRDS FOR FISHING

NINE hour out of Pinglo, if the bus doesn't break down, is the little town of T'ung An in the northeastern part of Kwangsi. It has no particular merit of its own or claim to fame or prominence, and its name would never have gotten on the map were it not for the fact that it lies on the bus road.

Out in back of T'ung An there's a road that winds through graveyards and rice fields and finally runs into a hilly slope. Stuck on the side of the hill there's a cluster of mud-walled huts. They call the place *Ta Ch'ung*, which being interpreted means "Big Noise".

Ta Ch'ung's Resurrection—

Ta Ch'ung lies in a world of pine-clad hills and dreamy sunsets. You can look down from there on a multiform

pattern of steppes and terraces, all worked out and fashioned with marvelous skill and design by the hands of these Chinese farmers who have been forced to outwit nature for some place in which to plant their rice. It is this singular combination of solitude and scenery that sets Ta Ch'ung apart from the ordinary Chinese village, with its shacks, muddy fields and paths, and the infinite variety of odors that mingle

"INTEREST" is always gratifying. Our Annuity Plan allows you interest on your mission gift while you live—with no doubts as to its disposition after you have gone. Write today for information.

their fragrance with the curling strings of smoke that rise in endless profusion from the thatched roofs of the houses.

Today one other thing distinguishes Ta Ch'ung from most Chinese villages. An event took place there recently that will be remembered when all its sunsets have faded and the last ring of smoke shall have arisen from the burning embers of its pine trees. Even the poor farmer-folk who participated were most likely hardly conscious of the great change that was taking place. It was enough for them that they believed, that they had used the few talents they had and the moments snatched from toil to learn the essential points of doctrine and prepare their souls for Baptism. Almighty God would do the rest. He needs no blare of trumpets or clashing of cymbals to herald His acts. His ways are not our ways, and it is not to be wondered at that He, Who came down from heaven as quietly and softly as rain falling on lambs' fleece, can come into the soul and just as quietly and softly effect in it the miracle of resurrection with no outward display save the pouring of a few drops of water and the pronouncement of a few words. "*As thou hast believed*", He said, "*so be it done unto thee*."

Fellow Citizens With the Saints—

Father Foley and I made the trip over the mountains from Pantien to Ta Ch'ung. We got a rather late start and lost our way a few times, but one of the new Christians, whose hut is at the base of the hills, came to our rescue and blazed the trail up the mountain with a brand of burning faggots. The rest of the Christians were awaiting us when we got to the top, to the unpretentious dwelling of Li Sung, which is their meeting place and at which we were to stay that night. A tub of hot water and a bowl of steaming rice helped us to forget the difficulties of our journey.

Next morning the catechist had the Christians lined up for Baptism. Their Baptismal names were written out in Latin on little slips of paper. *Peter, Paul, Ignatius, Mary, Agnes, Agatha, Lucy*—shades of old Rome! and *Little Therese*—these were some of the names they bore. It took about two hours to "do the job".

IMMENSELY ABOVE ALL OTHER CREATURES,

Father Foley stayed over night as the next day was Sunday, while I started back for the mission. The sun poked its head through the clouds as I picked my way down the hillside. It threw a mantle of glory over Ta Ch'ung. A fresh breeze stirred the pines and filled the air with the fragrance it had stolen. Fresher still in my mind were the wonderful words of the Epistle we had read at Mass that morning. *"Brethren; you are no more strangers and foreigners, but you are fellow citizens with the saints and domestics of God."* It was the feast of the Apostle St. Thomas. Indeed Ta Ch'ung had been blessed that day, for He that is mighty had done great things to her and had visited her people; and they had seen Him for the first time with eyes of faith and had known Him in the Breaking of Bread.

A House for God—

"Shen Foo (Spiritual Father)", they pleaded, "can't we have a chapel of our own up here? There's plenty of wood on these hills; it wouldn't be such a difficult matter to build one." The Shen Foo would have liked to say, "Yes". True, indeed, it would only cost about \$200, but where in the world could he get that much, when he was certain there wasn't enough to finish another one he had started back at Muddy Rice Fields. At any rate, he couldn't say, "No", so he made them a promise. "We'll build the chapel", he said, "when the rest of the village is converted; go tell them to leave their idols and incense and joss sticks and lift up their hearts to the True God."

With all the fervor of their newborn faith they promised him to declare to all round about the wonderful things they had heard and seen. And while they're busy gaining the necessary quota, the Shen Foo will have to find something to use for money—that is, unless someone back home is willing to come to his aid and build for these lesser brethren out here in this remote corner of the earth, where the tiny mustard seed of faith has lately sprung up, a simple wooden house for God, where He can be with them in their prayers and in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and where they can receive from Him the Bread of Life.

"Worth A Thousand Tellings"

"ONE picture is worth a thousand tellings", reads a saying of that people wise with the wisdom of accumulated civilized centuries—the Chinese.

The truth of this proverb was once more proven when Father Mark Tennien, of Pittsford, Vt., one of Monsignor Meyer's South China missionaries who had returned to this country to restore his health, showed to appreciative audiences a Wuchow Mission Movie, *"The Missioner's Cross"*.

Returned to South China, Father Tennien is gathering the material for an even better production. Monsignor Meyer is anxious to help Father Tennien bring the missions to America by securing for him a 16 mm Movie Camera. The Monsignor writes:

"As it is desired to add sound to the pictures taken with this camera, it should have a speed of 24 frames to the second as well as the slower speeds."

Do you know of anyone desiring to enlist such a camera in the cause of Christ and souls?

OLD GOLD AND MEMORIES

THERE is sentiment linked with so many family heirlooms that it seems heartless to sell them for a few dollars. When they are of gold and contain precious stones they often find their way to Maryknoll. Thus loving memories of days and friends of old are consecrated afresh by the dedication of these souvenirs to the labors of Maryknoll missionaries.

We suggest, if you don't live near a Maryknoll house, that you send us such objects of old gold via registered mail, for safe arrival.



FATHER EDMUND TOOMEY, M.M., OF NEW BEDFORD, MASS. (LEFT), AND FATHER ARTHUR LACROIX, M.M., OF NEWTON, MASS., FEAST THEIR EYES ON THE BEAUTIFUL FOO RIVER AT KWEILIN. RICH IN MAGNIFICENT SCENERY, KWEILIN ALSO HAS A WEALTH OF EARLY CHRISTIAN HISTORY (SEE PAGE 140)

BECAUSE SHE IS THE MOTHER OF GOD.

Wuchow "of No Conversions" Comes to Lourdes

By Father Mark Tennien, of Pittsford, Vt., Maryknoll pastor of Wuchow City, South China



RAATTLING along, the diminutive passenger train carried me from Paray-le-Monial towards a place I had long wanted to see. I was going to Lourdes, where, in 1858, the Blessed Mother appeared a number of times to the little shepherdess, Bernadette Soubirous. Now it attracts more Catholic pilgrims than any other place in the world.

Reaching "Home"—

After a brief look around, I hastened to the grotto, my heart quickened with something of the joy one feels in reaching home. Here we are brought very close to Our Mother Mary, who has in a very special manner made this her earthly dwelling place. The world has come to look on Lourdes as a "rendezvous" with the Blessed Mother. And it's where Mother is that makes "home". It seems here as if one could almost reach out and touch her hand.

Coming to the grotto, the pilgrim sinks to his knees in prayer. In moments of intense emotion, the heart must speak without the lips; for worded prayers then encumber the eagle flights of the soul. Kneeling at Lourdes the heart prays in awe, love and devotion, for words are too earthly when one is so close to heaven.

After a time, one realizes the sanctuary silence that is kept before the grotto. The river near the grotto hastens softly over the rapids in reverent, sweet hymn. In the ardor of love, one near you lisps his prayer a little louder, and the sound is like the brush of an angel's wings. Another tiptoes up to press her lips against the rock where the Blessed Mother appeared to Bernadette. A pilgrim departing sets a candle near to burn there for him, while he moves on.

Mother of Priests—

Is it strange that Father Price, the co-founder of Maryknoll, loved to linger there? He made a retreat at Lourdes at the time Maryknoll was founded, and when he and our Father General, Bishop Walsh, reached England, Father Price turned back to Lourdes for more



FATHER CHABANEL (RIGHT), ORDAINED FIFTY-TWO YEARS AGO AT LOURDES, TELLS FATHER TENNIEN OF THE GROWTH OF THE LOURDES DEVOTION. THE GROTTTO IS BY THE RIVER IN THE ROCK LEDGE, DIRECTLY UNDER THE SANCTUARY OF THE BASILICA WHICH RISES IN THE BACKGROUND

time with the Mother of Maryknoll. Father Price, when a seminarian, was shipwrecked in the ocean off the Atlantic Coast. He carried through the years a recollection that the Blessed Mother appeared and directed him to some floating wood which saved his life.

This incident has made me wonder more than ever if it isn't the Blessed Virgin who picks us to be priests. It was left to her choice that she become the Mother of Our Lord, the First Priest. A priest is another Christ, chosen to carry on in His stead. Why, then, should she not choose him, when she is to be his Mother? Before a priest is taken into the family, I'm sure Our Lord puts it up to His Mother, if He does not leave the entire choosing to her.

A Prayer to Mary—

Meditating, I noticed a niche in the rock back of the altar. People drop their written petitions in there. Next morning I was to say Mass at my grotto altar, so I wrote a little note to Our Lady and posted it there before my Mass. At the end of the letter, my P.S. was a prayer I have recited daily for years. It may also increase your devotion to Mary, so I shall write it down:

O Mary, conceived without sin, Virgin Mother of mankind, I humbly consecrate myself with the Divine Infant to thy love and service. With the Child Jesus of Nazareth I resolve to render the special love and service unseen by the world, as was His love and service. Queen of Angels, I open the door of my heart to thee. I pray thee abide there to send out my every prayer to thy Divine Son. In temptation and difficulties bar the door of that heart which has chosen thee to rule it. Especially at the hour of my death, O my Mother, abandon me not, but shower thy Graces that I may enter and adore thy Son with thee in Heaven.

Mass at Lourdes grotto is too beautiful to be shorn by language. Its joy is something communed, not spoken, and is only for the angels and for the celebrant.

Stations of the Cross—

In the late afternoon, with the shadows growing longer, I climbed the zigzag, M-shaped path from the grotto to the road above. A path bordered by the wayside Stations of the Cross leads on up the mountain. I could not but follow it, even with my not-long-cured chest ailment. Devotion and prudence will always quarrel; and, playing truant to prudence, one is on the side of the saints.

It was nearly sunset, and I was soon alone. The only sound in this mountain solitude was the crunching pebbles under foot or a bird frightened from its sleeping roost. At the Twelfth Station it was sundown, and only the embers of burnt-out day fired the West. The life-

The Field Afar for 6 years, \$5.

BEING THE MOTHER OF JESUS, OUR BROTHER. SHE IS OUR

size Cross was silhouetted against the sky just above the sunset. As I prayed there longer the sky turned to purple-red, which spread like the blood of Christ, pouring across the world from the Cross.

I came down the path contemplating the Mother's "return from Calvary". The notes of the *Angelus* rang and the village answered in prayer, chanting the old, sweet story of the Angel's telling Mary she was to be the Mother of God. And then I went on to the grotto to finish my rosary. I had something to tell the Blessed Mother in the candlelight under the stars.

Our Lady Hears of Wuchow—

Before returning to China, I was told that I was to be Pastor of Wuchow—"City of no Conversions". For thirty years priests have labored fruitlessly there for conversions, while in places within a hundred miles' distance a thousand a year are being baptized. I went over the whole sad story there with Our Mother. Another Maryknoller knelt there twenty-five years ago with his petition. He was Father Price, our co-founder, gone from us since 1919, but not separated from us.

So I asked him to share the first year with me at Wuchow, and I told him that he and the Blessed Mother would be responsible for all failure or success. When I reached Hong Kong I would kneel at his grave where the wind swings the tall grass and wild flowers and tell him again. My last prayers finished at the grotto, I left a candle to glow when I had gone, and then bade farewell to Lourdes.

The Prayer's Answer—

We can never measure in tangible results all the blessings our prayers bring, but we are sometimes astounded by what we see they really do for us.

Wuchow City this year has given four adult converts, and over twenty more have asked for instruction. A hundred others come Sunday evenings and listen to explanations of the doctrine.

A benefactor has sent funds to buy a priests' house and property for a church in the center of the city where we can attract more pagans to us.

Brother Francis has been dispensing medicine for a year and a half in Yung-hui, a large market ten miles out of Wuchow. Just recently over sixty people there signed a petition for instruction. In other places, villages have invited the catechist to come and tell them about the Catholic Church. After God's Grace, Wuchow's yielding is due to the native Catholics we hire as catechists. They spread the truth among their own. While in the United States, I found a few friends to support catechists, and this brings success after barren years and failure.

Your Share—

Wuchow will multiply its conversions when Our Lady of Lourdes and Father Price move more hearts to give us their financial help. It is not God's Grace that keeps us waiting for more conversions, but it may be that He makes us wait for you to do your share. The merit of convert work is too precious to give it all to the missionary. A part belongs to you, even when God makes us wait through fruitless years of grief and tears—for you.



AT THE GROTTO OUR LADY OF LOURDES HEARS THE WHOLE SAD STORY OF WUCHOW, A CITY IN DISTANT CHINA WHICH HAS SO LONG TURNED A DEAF EAR TO THE AMBASSADORS OF CHRIST. ALREADY THERE HAS BEEN AN ASTOUNDING ANSWER TO THAT PRAYER

MOTHER ALSO. JESUS LOVED HER ABOVE ALL CREATURES,

Our Lady of Victory

By Father Thomas Kiernan, of Cortland, N. Y., pastor of Pingnam, Maryknoll Wuchow Mission, South China



WETTING DOWN THE MAIN STREETS AT WUCHOW. MODERN PROGRESS AND HYGIENE HAVE MADE GREAT HEADWAY IN WUCHOW CITY, BUT THE SLOW MOVING WATER BUFFALO BELONGS TO CHINA'S CENTURIED PAST

IN the Maryknoll Wuchow Mission there are thirty civil prefectures, each of which corresponds to a county at home. Over half of these thirty counties have as yet no resident priest, nor have they been blessed by the

Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

The Wuchow field is admittedly one of the most difficult Missions in China. The people for the most part are still illiterate, and improv-

erished beyond imagination. Travel, except on a few rough dirt roads, is mostly by foot, coolie chair, or native boat. Life here has been reduced to its simplest terms.

It Takes Time and Patience—

Since "God wills all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the Truth", we must presume that He is ready to give His grace abundantly to these people, without which faith would be impossible. But, as Saint Paul so aptly says, a preacher is needed to pro-

claim to them the ineffable riches of the Gospel. Preachers are at hand, but they are handicapped; they lack the funds to establish the fundamental units of a religious organization.

We hear much loose talk about self-supporting churches and missions. It is an end to be aimed at and striven for, but the history of the conversion of Europe to the Faith teaches us that it takes time and patience. Until the material condition of primitive or near-primitive peoples is improved, the greater part of the expenses of mission work must come from outside.

The Perfect Layout—

The missionary who has just gotten a start in a virgin field must buy enough land for a house, a chapel and a shelter for native helpers, at the very least. If he doesn't secure sufficient land in the beginning, before opposition to his work becomes diabolically organized, he will have to pay through the nose later on in order to secure space needed for urgent developments—a convent site, for example.

The perfect layout, and there are few such mission paradises, would call for, in each parish center: a chapel large enough to accommodate a few hundred worshippers, a house for a priest, servants' quarters, a small school building, a house for catechumens, a dispensary, and a garden. To this should be added, since the sexes may not mingle on the same compound in China, an auxiliary compound for the women. This means a convent for nuns, a women's catechumenate house, servants' quarters, a girls' school, and perhaps a chapel for women, to say nothing of such institutions as refuges for the aged and orphans.

What happens is that most missions have to crowd several of the above under one roof. The results are obvious. Progress is delayed and health imperiled.

The Wuchow Mission Problem—

Such is the Wuchow Mission building or development problem. Only four out of the fifteen parish centers now existing in our field have buildings sufficient for their minimum immediate needs. This makes it impossible to expand further into the still unoccupied counties.



THE FOREIGN MISSIONER HAS MANY AVOCATIONS. HERE FATHER FRANCIS MACRAE, OF WAKEFIELD, MASS., PASTOR OF TAIWAN IN THE WUCHOW FIELD, TAKES A TURN AS MUSIC TEACHER

AND WE CAN NOT BE LIKE HIM IF WE

A hundred dollars would provide a small mud-brick country chapel, which could be used in the daytime for a school. Five hundred dollars would build a mission sub-station which would serve the nearby Catholic communities.

At Pingnam we have the site for a convent for professed native Sisters, but no funds for the building. We yearn for a central convent building and decent habitation for the Maryknoll Sisters who are training in the religious life our native aspirants.

Our Junior Seminary is built, but with borrowed funds. That, however, makes no provision for the Senior Preparatory Seminary.

At Wuchow, the Center of the entire Mission, our Prefect Apostolic, Monsignor Meyer, has given his priests and people a glorious example of self-denial. His residence, up to the present, has been an old, eight room house, subdivided in an effort to meet mission needs. In the very see city of the Mission the Church has had no prestige, because its buildings simulated the Ghetto.

Native Personnel—

But there is still a further difficulty, that of native personnel. The Maryknoll Homeland Center is able to supply only the living expenses of the priests—which leaves nothing for the education of worthy Catholic boys and girls, the training of mission helpers, or the sustenance of prospective native priests and nuns.

A Chinese catechist can live on \$15 a month, so can a school teacher.

The equivalent of \$5 a month will clothe, feed and educate a Chinese seminarian, schoolboy, or aspirant to a native sisterhood.

The Case of Father Leo—

Father Leo, a missionary of the Maryknoll Wuchow field, had been stinting himself for months in order to scrape together the wherewithal to build a little mud-walled chapel in a mountain hamlet of zealous, poverty-stricken converts. Several times the coveted sum of a hundred dollars had been actually in his possession, only to be wrested from him by compassion for some member of his needy flock. Only that after-

noon a "Stringless Gift" of fifty dollars had again brought his mountain chapel closer than a cherished dream.

"I'm going right out to see Mr. Yip, the contractor," resolved the jubilant Father Leo. "If I don't, it will be the same old story."

Suiting his actions to his thoughts, he collided on the threshold with Ah Sun, a Catholic lad who at the age of nineteen was the "man" of a family including an old grandfather, a widowed mother, and five younger brothers and

any financier.

"I just sold him today," answered the boy.

"What about your chickens?" came back the padre.

"Your Reverence ate the last one on the mission visitation," reluctantly admitted Ah Sun.

"How much do you need anyway for a confounded water buffalo?" asked the cleric of the immense appetite.

"Only fifty dollars."

"How much have you got?"

"Eighteen; but we had to pawn two quilts and sell the pig to get that much."

"What? Pawn your quilts in the middle of winter? You will catch pneumonia and die!"

"Well, we shall starve to death anyway, if we don't get a buffalo to plow the fields."

"But why come to me? I'm as poor as you are. How do pagans get along in such cases?"

"Well, Spiritual Father, if we were still pagans we would have no difficulty, we would not know about God or the Ten Commandments. We would sell my sister—the little one that Father is so fond of—only eight years old, to the Flower Boats for \$40."

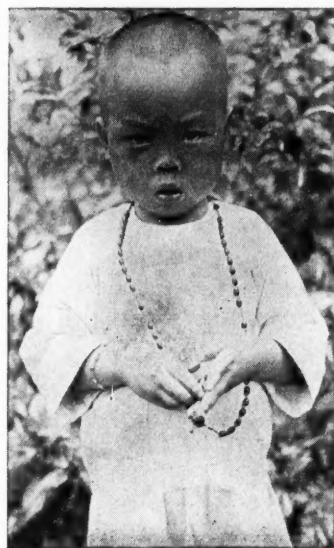
Our Lady of Victory—

Ah Sun got the money for the buffalo and Father Leo turned back into the mission, his journey to the contractor's no longer necessary.

He suddenly felt very weary, and oppressed by the torrid heat and humidity of a South China July. A little later, as he led night prayers for his flock, he rested his throbbing head in his hands, unable to keep the elusive dream chapel out of his thoughts.

Presently the chapel was empty and after a bit the cook extinguished all the lights. He was tired of waiting for the pastor to finish his prayers, and wanted to sit out in the cool of the evening. Over and over again Father Leo turned the chapel problem in his head. He could get nowhere.

"What's the use? What's the use?" he sighed, and lifting his weary head he beheld the answer over the altar in the flickering glow of the sanctuary lamp—the Crucifix—in whose ghastly shadow he dimly perceived the statue of Our Lady of Victory.



"MY ROSARY"

This newly baptized youngster of Maryknoll-in-Wuchow treasures his beads. His love for the Mother of Christ may lead him one day to stand at the Altar of God as "another Christ" for his own people

sisters. A glance at the boy's face gave Father Leo a sinking feeling regarding the chapel fund.

A Water Buffalo Dies—

"Well, Ah Sun," he asked, "did you want to see me?"

"Yes, Spiritual Father, our water buffalo died, what shall we do?"

"Sell your pig," advised the mission-

A GENEROUS gift is a gift that calls for sacrifice—whether it is a so-called small sum or a large sum.

DO NOT LOVE HER TOO. — CARDINAL MANNING.

Christian Beginnings in Kwangsi

By Monsignor Bernard F. Meyer, of Davenport, Iowa, Prefect Apostolic of the Maryknoll Wuchow Mission, South China



THE TOMB, NEAR KWEILIN CITY, OF A MEMBER OF THE SOUTHERN BRANCH OF THE MING IMPERIAL DYNASTY (1368-1644). AT KWEILIN WAS BORN CONSTANTINE, SON OF YUNGLI, THE ONLY CHRISTIAN EVER TO LAY CLAIM TO THE THRONE OF CHINA



HE first to carry the torch of faith into Kwangsi Province was Father Ruggieri, S.J., one of the companions of Father Matthew Ricci. In 1583, thirty-one years after the death of Saint Francis Xavier at Sancian Island, Father Ruggieri came up the West River to Wuchow, then went on to Kweilin, which was at that time the provincial capital. He was, however, immediately expelled by

the authorities and forbidden to return.

Fifty years later Father de Escalona, a Spanish Franciscan, came to Wuchow and perhaps also to Kweilin. He established headquarters at Wuchow and began to disseminate Christian literature. When later he attempted to preach publicly he also was expelled, after a bare four years of activity.

A Christian Emperor—

Only a few years later began the most romantic, if comparatively unfruitful, period in the history of the Church in Kwangsi. For it was in Kwangsi that was born the only Chris-

tian ever to lay claim to the throne of China. He was christened Constantine.

In the north the Ming Dynasty was tottering, and a grave rebellion had broken out. The leader of the imperial troops, Wusankwai, seeing his emperor apparently doomed and himself filled with the ambition of founding a new dynasty, invited the Manchus, neighbors of China on the north, to come to his aid. The Manchus drove the rebels out and then seized the empty throne for their own emperor.

One branch of the Ming family, however, lived in the southern palace at Kweilin, and Yungli, a grandson of the Emperor Wanli, was proclaimed emperor in 1646.

In the court were at least two Christian eunuchs, of whom one, Achilles Pan, was chancellor. It was through his efforts that the mother, wife, and son of the claimant to the throne were baptized by Father Koffler, S.J. With him was Father de Boym, S.J., and they had a church and residence at Kweilin with a considerable congregation.

In 1651 the court of the southern Mings' retreated to Lanlong, in Kweichow Province, in 1656 to Yunnan Province, and in 1659 crossed over to Burma, always driven on by the relentless Wusankwai. Father Koffler was killed by pursuing soldiers as he was crossing a river, on December 12, 1660. In 1662 the emperor was delivered by the Burmans to the Chinese. Yungli was strangled with the cord of a bow, June 4, 1662, in his former palace of Lanlong.

The young Constantine was spared until the next day, and for one night he could lay claim to the throne that was rightfully his. Then he too was strangled. Father and son were buried in two tombs near Lanlong.

Times of Persecution—

Forty years later, from 1701 to 1707, two Jesuits, Fathers de Britto and Silveiro, were in Kwangsi, and we may be sure that they made attempts to revive the congregation. Fathers Koffler and de Boym had left at Kweilin. In 1711 the Augustinians replaced the Jesuits, some settling in Wuchow, some in Kweilin, while several Franciscans established themselves at Pinglo. Converts were being made and interest in

AFTER THIS OUR EXILE, SHOW UNTO US

the Church was gradually spreading, when the great persecution of 1724, following upon the Rites Controversy, broke out, and all the missionaries were forced to leave or were deported. Again darkness descended upon the Province, to endure for more than one hundred years.

In 1849, Father Renou, of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, which the year previous had been entrusted with the evangelization of Kwangsi, came through Wuchow and got as far up the West River as Taiwu, in Pingnam County, where he had been told there were several Catholic merchants from Canton. Only one of them dared come to see the priest, and he begged him to return at once, lest he himself and all the Christians be compromised.

Father Chapdelaine, in 1854, succeeded in entering from Kweichow, and made some converts in Silin, in the north-west corner of Kwangsi. Less than two years after his arrival, he was tortured and put to death, together with a lady catechist and a native Christian. In 1900 the Holy See enrolled the three martyrs among the Blessed.

Unobserved Treaties—

In 1858 and 1860, following wars with the European Powers, treaties were made granting freedom to preach the Gospel in every part of China, but frequently, and especially in Kwangsi, every obstacle was placed in the way of the missionaries.

In 1869 Father Foucard succeeded in buying a house in Wuchow through a third party, but it was placed under seal and he was forced to leave. In 1874 he tried again. This time several thousand "literati", who were gathered at Wuchow for the examinations, caused the town to be placarded with an announcement hostile to the missionary. Owing to the animosity thus aroused, Father Foucard once more had to quit the city.

Precarious Footholds—

It was not until 1898 that a foothold was secured in Wuchow by Father Renault, who succeeded in buying a small plot where he built a combination house and chapel, which, standing at the end of a blind alley, has been until recently the only Catholic spot in the city.

Numerous attempts were made to enter Kweilin, which was then the capital, Nanning becoming the capital only after the Revolution in 1911, but with no success. Finally Father Renault also succeeded in obtaining a foothold there, in 1900.

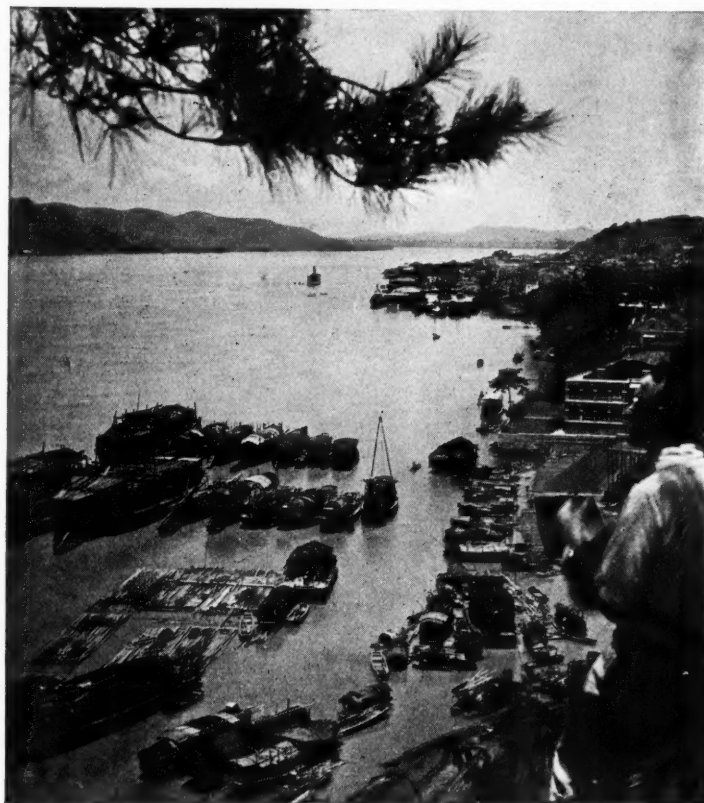
A Second Spring—

With the decrees granting every freedom to the spread and practice of the Christian religion, which followed the defeat of the Boxer Uprising, the Church in Kwangsi could, so to say, leave the catacombs. The succeeding ten years, until the Revolution again brought troublous times, were the second spring of the Church in China. Conversions were numerous and the Catholic population more than doubled. Kwangsi, however, having but 1,800 Christians in 1900, remained when that

number was doubled the Cinderella of the Missions of China.

Maryknoll Beginnings—

It was in 1920 that the Maryknollers were invited to take over a part of the Kwangsi Mission; and Wuchow, Pingnam and several unoccupied counties were assigned to them. The remaining portions of the present Prefecture were added later. The first missionaries were loaned from Kongmoon; during their seven years there Kwangsi was torn by civil wars alternated with banditry, and they scarcely dared venture outside the cities. In 1927 a separate Superior was placed in charge; within a few years the civil wars ceased and banditry was gradually suppressed. Today we work in comparative comfort compared with the conditions faced by the brave pioneers.



A MARYKNOLLER LOOKS OVER WUCHOW ON THE WEST RIVER, LONG KNOWN AS THE "CITY OF NO CONVERSIONS". FOR YEARS VALIANT FRENCH MISSIONERS LABORED THERE WITH NO TANGIBLE RESULTS

THE BLESSED FRUIT OF THY WOMB, JESUS.

THE FIELD AFAR

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**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**



MARYKNOLL, newly bereaved and newly glorified in the death of one of its co-Founders, will pause on the *Feast of the Holy Name of Mary*, September 12th, to linger over memories of the other co-Founder, Father Price, the anniversary of whose death in Hong Kong occurs on this feast.

The *Feast of the Holy Name of Mary!* We cannot but feel that Father Price chose to die on that day and that Mary in Heaven ratified the choice. Hers was the second name he had learned to lip from Clarissa Bond Price, his devout convert mother, hers the name he invoked, and not in vain, when the waters of the Atlantic seemed about to swallow up his exhausted body, the name he breathed over the stubborn hills of his native state, the name he and Bishop Walsh gave to the apostolic work they had conceived in Montreal, the city of Mary, the name, inseparably linked with that of her Child, which lingered longest on his dying lips.

A TREASURED BENEDICTION

Citta Del Vaticano

ON THE occasion of the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America*, the Holy Father sends to the Superior and members of this well-deserving Society His affectionate Apostolic Benediction, invoking God's choicest graces—in consolation for the recent loss of their beloved co-Founder and General, Bishop Walsh, as a recompense for the labors of his zealous missionaries, and as an encouragement for their renewed dedication to the glorious cause of the propagation of the Faith.

—Cardinal Pacelli.

Bishop Walsh too had a child-like love for Mary's name. And, what more Catholic, more priestly? Her sweet name is the only one, save that of Deity Itself, at which priestly heads are bared and bowed in the liturgical functions of the Church.—*"Blessed be the name of Mary, Virgin and Mother!"*

He who knows the value of a soul counts not the cost of saving it.—Just De Bretenieres.

WE are calling the September Issue the *Wuchow Number*.

We are proud of Wuchow; it is like the poor, ragged boy who worked his way up from the slums. The whole Province of Kwangsi in which it is found was long notorious throughout China for its unfruitfulness, despite the efforts of its missionaries. The Prefecture of Wuchow has not yet attained great riches, but already is recording over 1,000 converts a year. Wuchow City, long stigmatized as the "City of No Conversions", is yielding, and is rendering grudging but hopeful homage; a tiny group of its citizens has entered the Church.

To be a priest, one should be a saint.—Bl. Theophane Venard.

EXPERIENCE shows that millions of non-Christians are ready for Christ if they are approached. It is likewise true that, in every good-sized Catholic community alive to the fact that Christ is to be preached to all mankind, there are young men and young women who will gladly journey to the other side of the earth to carry His Name.

But we need the missing link—the priest or layman whose word and material help prompt our generous hearted young to cross the ocean to the empty hearted pagan.

Sufferings are not only useful; they are necessary to an apostle.—Henry Dorie.

THE *Feast of the Korean Martyrs*, September 26th, brings a mission message to the Christian world. It reminds us that the Korean Church appears in the Catholic family not as a suppliant seeking alms, but as a Queen among the daughters of Rome, with the rubies of martyrdom in her crown.

Unique among the peoples of the world, the Koreans did not wait for missionaries to come to them with the Gospel of Christ. A native intellectual in 1784 made a journey to Peking in quest of the precious pearls of truth, which he brought back to his waiting countrymen. The Church in Korea was flourishing and had already given martyrs to Christ before the first priest arrived in the country. Four great persecutions descended upon the Korean

IS NOT THE BLESSED VIRGIN THE BEST

Church before the dawn of religious liberty, and took their toll of thousands of native martyrs. It was Maryknoll's privilege to begin its labors in this favored land in 1923.

Maryknoll sons and daughters join with all missionaries on Korean

THE heart of the Catholic is tender, and it makes him by natural instinct the champion of the under dog and the lost cause. Labor finds in him a friend. Oppressed races enlist his ready sympathy. The sick, the homeless, and the poor can always count on him. The widow and the orphan

the cry of the orphan, we feel the hunger of the starving, we see the sores of the leper. The powerful impression stirs a natural pity. Yet it is a truer love of neighbor that pities his immortal soul. Its needs are far more glaring and extreme, albeit hidden from the eyes of sense. If the visible wounds of



SAINT OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

Saint Tarcisus, one of the most inspiring of the Church's glorious company of child martyrs, receives the custody of the Blessed Sacrament. In safeguarding his Eucharistic Lord he laid down his life

soil in rejoicing to discharge Christendom's debt to the Land of the Martyrs with the greatest love that in God's good plan it is theirs to give, the white martyrdom of self-immolation for Christ and souls. May the Korean martyrs share with the white purity of the missionaries' love the crimson glory of their own!

go straight to his heart. The leper can have his last dime.

His sympathy surely does him some credit, but is it invidious to ask just how much? We are creatures of sense. We actually hear

The love of Our Lord cannot be separated from the love of souls.—Just De Bretenieres.

the lepers speak to our senses, the invisible wounds of the souls about us ought to cry out more eloquently still to our faith.

"While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal" (2 Cor. IV. 18).

OF ALL MOTHERS? — JUST DE BRETENIERES.

Pioneering Among The Maryknoll Wuchow

By Monsignor Bernard F. Meyer, of Davenport, Iowa, Apostolic



THE STUDY HOUR FOR THE YOUNGER MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S CATECHUMENATE AT FATHER MACRAE'S ST. JOSEPH'S MISSION IN TAIWAN VILLAGE. ONE LITTLE ONE IS ZEALOUS TO THE POINT OF PLUNGING HER NOSE RIGHT INTO THE CATECHISM—UNLESS, MAYBE, SHE IS SNATCHING FORTY WINKS



THE Wuchow Mission, with center at Wuchow City, was erected by Rome into an Independent Mission in 1930, and raised to a Prefecture Apostolic in 1934. It comprises the thirty eastern counties of Kwangsi Province, extending from the northern to the southern border, and has a population of 5,500,000 people. Though it covers about one-third of the Province, it has nearly one-half the population.

In the southern portion of the

Prefecture, Cantonese is the predominant language; in the northern portion, around Kweilin, Mandarin is spoken by the majority of the people. Eventually the Prefecture should be divided along these linguistic lines.

Pioneering Work—

"Let the Africans convert Africa," said that pioneer missionary and keen student of mission methods, Cardinal Lavigerie. So in China also we count on the Chinese to convert their country. To this end the Prefecture has made great sacrifices in order to establish a

seminary, a novitiate for native Sisters and a training school for catechists. Other institutions, while good and useful, cannot be considered as essential mission works, so, taking into account the state of our budget they are dispensed with, at least, for the present.

The Call for Action on a Large Scale—

With the Baptism of large numbers of converts, there arises the question of caring for them. New parishes must be formed, as has been done already in Pingnam County. These parishes require buildings—a men's catechumenate, a women's catechumenate, a small school, a church and a residence for the missionary. Each such parish unit can be built for from seven to ten thousand dollars. The idea of giving such a unit as a memorial to beloved dead has already appealed to several, but many more are needed. If the income from the money is required during one's lifetime an annuity plan may be arranged, by which the funds will be invested and the memorial built only after the death of the donor.

If we could secure the funds to support the 300 catechists necessary to instruct 15,000 converts each year, and to build, say, ten new parishes annually, there would be hope of making a noticeable impression on our Prefecture's 5,500,000 inhabitants within a reasonable length of time. Owing to the great population growths of pagan countries in recent times, the Missions call for action on a big scale; otherwise what impression can be made, for example, on China's 450,000,000 souls?

Wuchow City—

Wuchow City, the center of the Prefecture, was declared an "open port" in 1897, and foreigners have since resided there as agents of foreign business firms, and can walk the streets without being followed by a hostile crowd.

In addition to being the residence of the Prefect Apostolic, there is a parish at Wuchow, of which Father Mark A. Tennien, of Pittsford, Vt., is pastor. Through the generosity of a benefactor, who is giving it as a memorial for the deceased members of her family, Father Tennien expects to soon have a

Wuchow Mission's Five and a Half Millions

va, the Apostolic of the Maryknoll Wuchow Mission, South China

place where he can carry on the usual mission activities. Meanwhile a reading room has been opened in a rented store, and more than one native Protestant as well as pagan has been heard to say, "The Catholic Church appears to be the true one."

Brother Francis Wempe, of Cumberland, Md., who is secretary and book-keeper for the Prefecture, has found time to open a dispensary at *Yunghui*, ten miles up the West River from Wuchow, which he attends every three days. Within the past year more than fifty persons have enrolled themselves as catechumens, through the contacts made by the dispensary.

The Pingnam "Deanery"—

The first parish towards the west from Wuchow is *Tanchuk*, eighty miles up the West River and just opposite *Taiwu*, where in 1849 Father Renou was forced to turn back. Today the Wuchow Preparatory Seminary stands overlooking the river at Tanchuk, and can be seen by those disembarking at *Taiwu*. How Father Renou would rub his eyes if he were to return! Father William P. Mulcahy, of Framingham, Mass., and Father George N. Gilligan, of Brooklyn, N. Y., assisted by native teachers, are in charge of the seminary, which now has an enrollment of fifty-four boys.

In charge of the parish of Tanchuk, a separate unit from the seminary, is Father William F. Schulz, of New York City. Under his care are a thousand Christians, all converts of the last five years, and he anticipates an increase of several hundred each year.

Ten miles above Tanchuk is *Pingnam City*, the "mother" parish of this region, which was established by the French Fathers. In 1927 it had 200 Catholics; since that time three parishes have been cut off from it and it still has a thousand Christians, and anticipates several hundred Baptisms of converts each year. Last year it had four hundred. Father Thomas V. Kiernan, of Cortland, N. Y., is pastor there, with Father Thomas F. Gilleran, of Framingham, Mass., as assistant. In addition to parish duties they also have the direction of the catechist training school for the Cantonese-speaking sector. There is also a hostel for Catholic boys at-



FATHER MACRAE CONDUCTS FUNERAL RITES AT THE GRAVE OF A TAIWAN CHRISTIAN. NOTE THE BANNERS, THE DRUM IN THE RIGHT-HAND CORNER, AND THE WHITE COSTUMES OF THE CHIEF MOURNERS. IN CHINA WHITE IS THE COLOR OF MOURNING

tending the government schools in Pingnam.

At Pingnam likewise is the novitiate for native Sisters, in its own compound outside the city walls, with three Maryknoll Sisters, Sisters Gonzaga, Moira and Miriam Carmel, in charge. The Sisters also conduct a training course for women catechists, in addition to a

catechumenate for women.

Outside Pingnam, a distance of perhaps twelve miles as the rice field dykes go, lies *Taiwan Village*. It was in this village that 215 converts were baptized in 1930; immediately afterwards it was made a parish center for the surrounding district. Father Francis D. MacRae, of Wakefield, Mass., and Father



THE MARYKNOLL MISSION RESIDENCE AT WATLAM (THIS IS THE REAR VIEW) WAS BUILT BY THE FRENCH FATHERS

Arthur J. Cunneen, of Framingham, Mass., here care for nearly two thousand Christians, of whom four hundred were baptized last year. The Taiwan parish boasts the best village school in a wide area and a snappy troop of Boy

ing, N. Y., has the spiritual care of nearly four hundred hardy Catholic mountaineers. He anticipates the Baptism of one hundred converts during the current year.

These various parishes of Pingnam

ese-speaking sector is that of Wuchow, Jungyun and Watlam, with Father Tennen as dean. Jungyun is 100 miles from Wuchow by bus, and Watlam 25 miles further on.

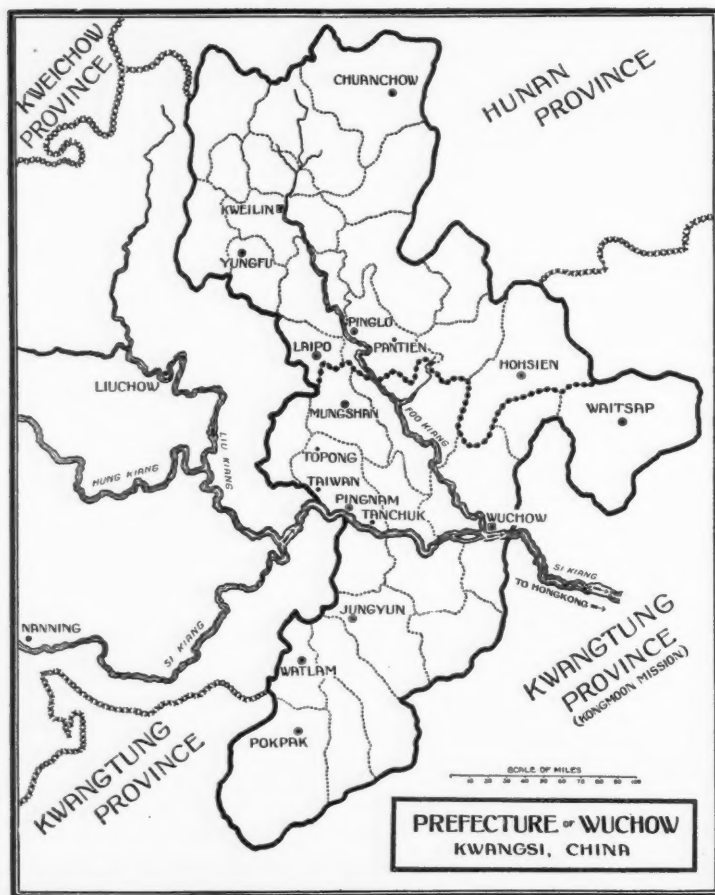
When the *Jungyun* mission was founded and the first Maryknoll priest went to live there everything possible was done to impede his work.

From the beginning the missionary made every effort to be friendly with the population and a dispensary for the poor was opened. Though much interest was aroused, none wished to be the first to take the step of actually joining the Church. Gradually, however, a few individuals were baptized, and the Christians now number nearly a hundred. The present pastor is Father Arthur F. Dempsey, of Peekskill, N. Y., and he reports the Baptism of thirty converts at Christmas.

The parish of *Watlam*, of which Father Patrick J. Donnelly, of Lansdowne, Pa., is now pastor, was established thirty-five years ago by a French missionary, whom illness forced to leave after some ten years of work. He had many catechumens, but left behind him only two or three baptized Catholics. The district lay fallow until the coming of the Maryknollers in 1930. What was their surprise to find that some of the former catechumens renewed their interest in the Church. Almost from the first a small number began to take instructions, and last year Watlam had one hundred Baptisms of converts.

Round About Kweilin—

The Mandarin-speaking sector, of which the principal city is Kweilin, is composed of two deaneries, those of Kweilin and Pinglo. Father John Romaniello, of New Rochelle, N. Y., the pastor of *Kweilin*, is also dean of that section. The Church is little known around Kweilin, and Father Romaniello is making a start with a dispensary in a village several miles outside the city, in the shop of a fervent Hakka immigrant from Kwangtung. Already much interest has been aroused, and good progress is anticipated after the first hurdles of ignorance have been negotiated. Under Father Romaniello's direction Father Lloyd Glass, of Cresco, Ia., the only newcomer assigned to this sector in 1935, is taking his first steps in



ON THE ABOVE MAP OF THE MARYKNOLL WUCHOW FIELD IN KWANGSI PROVINCE, SOUTH CHINA, THE DARK, HEAVY LINE INDICATES THE BOUNDARY OF THE WUCHOW MISSION. THE "CROSS-STITCH" LINES ARE PROVINCE BOUNDARIES. IN THE WUCHOW FIELD THE "ROSARY BEAD" LINE RUNS BETWEEN THE MANDARIN-SPEAKING SECTION OF THE PREFECTURE, NORTH OF IT, AND THE CANTONESE-SPEAKING SECTION, TO THE SOUTH OF IT. THE LIGHTER LINES ARE THE COUNTY BOUNDARIES. SQUARES INDICATE KWEILIN, THE CENTER OF THE MANDARIN-SPEAKING SECTION OF THE FIELD, AND WUCHOW, THE CENTER OF THE CANTONESE-SPEAKING SECTION. THE LARGE DOTS INDICATE COUNTY CENTERS, THE SMALLER DOTS OTHER PARISHES WITHIN THE COUNTIES

Scouts.

At a distance of about twenty-four miles, and deep in the mountains, lies the parish of *Topong Village*. Here Father William F. Kupfer, of Flush-

County together form a deanery, of which Father Kiernan is dean.

Where Pioneering Is Difficult—

The second deanery of the Canton-

HAPPY INDEED ART THOU, O HOLY VIRGIN MARY,

the language.

Chuanchow, at the extreme northern end of the Prefecture, is now five hours' ride in the bus from Kweilin, a distance of 120 miles. At Chuanchow, Father Arthur C. Lacroix, of Newton, Mass., the pastor, lives in a little rented shop. He has his eye on a suitable piece of property, but he is afflicted, as the Chinese say, with "anemia of the pocketbook."

The third district in the Kweilin deanery is that of *Yungfu*, where Father T'ao, the Wuchow Mission's first Chinese priest, is pastor. Around Yungfu itself there is only a handful of Catholics, but Father T'ao is making many contacts through his dispensary and has had invitations to speak in numerous villages. As a result he expects a good number of Baptisms by the end of the year. Father T'ao has also been conducting the two years' training course for the catechists of the Mandarin-speaking sector. With him is Father Timothy J. Daley, of Palmer, N. Y., who, after a year's study of the language, is gaining his first mission experience.

An Interesting Sector—

South of Kweilin is the Pinglo deanery, composed of the parishes of Laipo County, and of Pinglo and Pantien in Pinglo County, all of them connected by bus. Father Joseph W. Regan, of Fairhaven, Mass., the pastor of *Laipo* district, is dean of this section. *Laipo* district was opened at Christmas, and the building of this parish unit is being made possible through the generosity of the Boston Propagation of the Faith, which is giving it as a memorial to the benefactors of the Boston Office.

The pastor of *Pinglo City* parish is Father Edmund A. Toomey, of New Bedford, Mass. Unfortunately, there is as yet no parish unit in Pinglo and a part of it, at least, must be built before he can "open for business".

At *Pantien Village* parish are Father Leo J. Foley, of Medford, Mass., pastor and Father Francis W. Keelan, of Belmont, Mass., who is spending his second year in China as assistant there. The Pantien district, with its five hundred Catholics, of whom two hundred have been baptized during the past five years, is one of the most interesting in



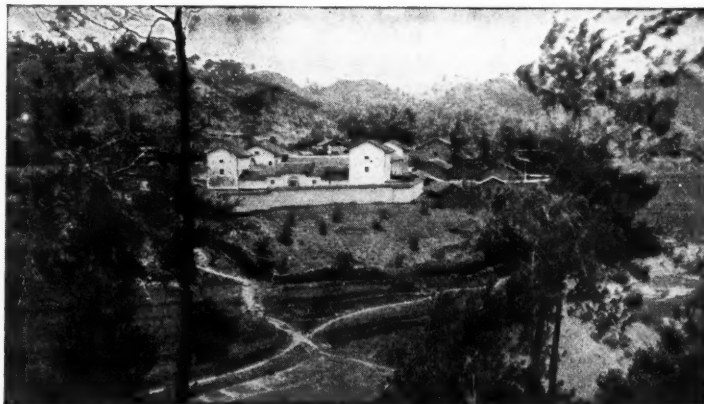
THE WUCHOW MISSION PREPARATORY SEMINARY AT TANCHUK, NEAR PINGNAM, STANDS OVERLOOKING THE WEST RIVER (SIKIANG), UP WHICH MISSIONERS STILL LIVING HAD TO SAIL DISGUISED AS MERCHANTS

the Prefecture. From among its original Catholics, who received the Faith thirty-five years ago, have come one priest, a second candidate now completing his course in Philosophy, two Sisters, and a number of younger candidates, for both the priesthood and sisterhood.

Following the bus road from Pantien to the east some eighty miles, through one unoccupied county, we reach the important city of Hohsien, which will be opened as soon as a Mandarin-speaking priest is available. Halfway between Kweilin and Chuanchow is another important post that should be filled as soon as possible, in order to provide a center from which to work out into surrounding territory. As a

matter of fact, of course, the occupation of every county is our goal. Even the smallest county has 50,000 people, which is all that Ireland is said to have had when St. Patrick and his companions landed there. Three counties of the Prefecture have each a population above the 400,000 mark.

Two members of the Prefecture staff are in the United States. One of them, Father Leo Jones, of Dowagiac, Mich., is on his decennial vacation, after hard and fruitful labors in the harvest; the other, the Prefect Apostolic, is taking a rest while at the same time seeking relief from "pocketbook anemia". The above recital will perhaps give some idea of the causes and extent of this disease.



AT TOPONG VILLAGE, DEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS, FATHER WILLIAM KUPFER, OF FLUSHING, N. Y., IS THE PASTOR OF NEARLY FOUR HUNDRED HARDY CATHOLICS

AND MOST WORTHY OF ALL PRAISE,

Chuanchow, "The Perfect City"

By its Maryknoll pastor, Father Arthur Lacroix, of Newton, Mass.



UNDER THE KEENLY INTERESTED GUIDANCE OF HIS TEACHER, FATHER LACROIX TRIES HIS HAND AT "CHINESE HIEROGLYPHICS". HIS PRESENT RESIDENCE IN CHUANCHOW IS A LITTLE RENTED SHOP



MONSIGNOR MEYER was sitting at his desk with a large map of Kwangsi Province spread before him. As he was thus considering like a true general of Christ his field of action, he called me to his side and pointed to a spot in northeastern Kwangsi. I saw there in Chinese characters, *Chuanchow*, or "*The Perfect City*". He then and there told me that I was appointed to open a mission in that city as soon as I could leave the post I then occupied.

It was a few weeks later, when the spring rains had subsided, that I set out to get my first view of Chuanchow. Two days' travel brought me to Kweilin, the nearest mission station to Chuanchow, 120 miles away. In Kweilin I picked up a few missionary companions.

Selecting and Opening a House—

Early one morning we were off for the city of my recent dreams. We mounted our bus and rode for five hours, flanked by very picturesque scenery, at times riding in a plain with rice fields on either side and in the distance deep blue peaks of various sizes and shapes, again coming close to small ranges of rolling mountains in their new green spring garments.

We were finally taken through a mountain notch and as we came out Chuanchow lay before us, in a long and wide plain watered by a clear river. The bus deposited us in the central part of the city. From there began our

search for a suitable house in which to start a mission. The attention we attracted was what we would have experienced in most Chinese cities where foreigners are hardly ever seen. Our Chinese companion was often asked who we were. On being told we were American Catholic priests, all of them recognized the American, but few had ever heard of Catholic priests. After a two-hour tour, we returned to the bus station and agreed that the most suitable place in town was across the street from the bus station, where a house with a garage-door effect and plaster facing was being completed. Not long after, when I had gone back to my post in Pantien, Father Romaniello, the Kweilin pastor, returned to Chuanchow with a Kweilin Catholic doctor to rent the house.

Preparations were then made to take over the house. We had not proceeded far in this when we heard that the vanguard of the Communist army, about 10,000 troops, had invaded the whole of northeastern Kwangsi, taking the local authorities completely by surprise.

The war clouds having moved westward, again we entered Chuanchow. But alas! in the rush and scare of the previous months, the Kwangsi troops had taken up all the available space in Chuanchow, and, as our house had as yet no signs to identify it, it was used for barracks. To sum up the whole affair in a few words, it was uninhabitable until laborers had done a week's work of cleaning and repairing. The essentials to start housekeeping were then brought from Kweilin, and the doors of the first Catholic church in Chuanchow were opened.

Tradesmen and South China Downpours—

Though the church was opened, it was far from being furnished. Much time during the first month was spent with the tradesmen. Of course many of the needed articles had never been seen before by the local artists, so sketches were drawn and long explanations were given, in which the sign language was used profusely.

During this particular time, too, there was an abundance of rain to bless this region. Out of the abundance some of it found its way through the roof into

FOR HOW MANY DAYS?

ONE dollar will keep for a day a Maryknoll missionary —and Christ—in the Orient.

For how many days will you be host to your Lord in the fields afar where He longs to dwell?

FOR OUT OF THEE AROSE THE SUN OF JUSTICE,

the room used for parlor, study and bedroom. A workman was called to remedy the leaking roof, but said he could not exercise his trade in bad weather.

"When the good weather returned, remedies were applied for future emergencies. Incidentally, one of the workmen who helped with the repairs has since died. His death has been caused, according to some, by working for the "foreign Church". I have been told that pronouncement of "haunted" might be given to the house. The verdict is awaited with fear and trepidation and a bottle of hair restorer.

The First Chuanchow Congregation—

Since I have been living in Chuanchow I have been very much impressed by the kind attitude of the people. As the purpose of the Church becomes known I really think it will appeal to many, and in a few years there should be a substantial group of Christians. To that aim there is already a beginning, for I have found twenty "old Christians" in the city, who immigrated some years ago from Hunan, where the Church has many adherents due to the untiring efforts of the Minor Franciscans of Italy and the Tyrol. Besides, about a dozen have given in their names to study the doctrine, which augurs well for the future of the Faith in these parts.

A Fertile Sector—

The sub-prefecture of Chuanchow harbors more than 300,000 souls and it is one of the most fertile parts of Kwangsi. Its population has advanced steadily in the past few years; the droughts in the neighboring province forcing many to seek a living in this section. Material developments are also noticeable; large buildings are being erected and in another month or two a highway connecting this city with the large cities of the north will be opened. In another year, when the Canton-Hankow railway is finished, it will be possible to reach either Canton or Hong Kong in two days. Quick transportation will enable the local people to find more markets for their produce, at perhaps better prices. The principal exports of this section are: rice, wheat,

peanut oil, pine-tree oil, sugar cane and finally the unsurpassed onions and garlic, which are in great demand outside because nowhere else has nature given these two products a richer flavor. Ask the confessor, he knows.

Gateway to the Province—

From a spiritual standpoint, Chuanchow, situated as it is, will be of para-

produce in this city. Once we get a real start in their villages, the success of the Church is assured, for the country people respond to grace more readily than city people.

The Immediate Problem—

Our present problem here is to secure a suitable property so as to establish a center for this district. A center



IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE KWEILIN SECTOR OF THE WUCHOW MISSION, SOME THIRTY MILES FROM YUNGFU, IS A GROUP OF YAO ABORIGINES WHO HAVE EMBRACED CHRISTIANITY. THE WOMEN OF THIS CATHOLIC GROUP HAVE ALREADY GIVEN TO THE CHURCH A NATIVE YAO NUN

mount value for the Church. Being the gate to the Province in the northeast it will enable us to keep in touch with the Christians coming in to Kwangsi. Heretofore many have settled in the Province whose whereabouts are still unknown. Immigrants from Hunan constitute more than half of the population in this territory as far as and including Kweilin.

Having an adequate establishment here will also bring us in contact with the farming class who market their

with a few buildings is indispensable for the organization of the mission and for efficiency in the conversion of both men and women.

God is not unmindful of His flock and shepherds, but it is of the utmost importance that we make fervent prayers to Him for our wants and for the increase of His sheepfold. With prayer comes the grace that conquers all difficulties. Will you give us at least this spiritual help?

CHRIST OUR LORD. — (MASS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.)

Maryknoll Bait and St. Peter's Nets



THE BUILDING IN WUCHOW CITY WHICH HAS SERVED AS MONSIGNOR MEYER'S RESIDENCE AND AS CENTER HOUSE FOR THE MISSIONERS OF THE PREFECTURE IS QUITE INADEQUATE FOR PRESENT NEEDS. IT STANDS ON THE WEST RIVER (SIKIANG), FLANKED BY THE BUILDINGS OF STANDARD OIL (LEFT) AND ASIATIC PETROLEUM. IN THE FLOOD SEASON THE RIVER RISES AS HIGH AS ITS SECOND STORY

Headliners—



UR Maryknoll leprologists of the Kongmoon Vicariate in South China, Father Joseph Sweeney, of New Britain, Conn., and Father Francis Connors, of Peabody, Mass., received in March from the Kongmoon magistrate the title deeds of a permanent site for the *Maryknoll Gate of Heaven Leper Asylum*. During the past two years the Maryknollers have been caring for their lepers in vast cemetery lands surrounding the city of Sun Wui. They are rejoicing greatly in the 300 acre grant of land at *Ngai Moon*, the mouth of the Kongmoon River where it enters the South China Sea.

Brother Lawrence Bowers, of Cleveland, Ohio, who together with Brother Albert Staubli, of Switzerland, forms our brace of South China architectural experts, has already started building operations on the Ngai Moon site.

¶ Readers will recall that Maryknoll's Bishop Frances X. Ford, Vicar Apostolic of the Society's Kaying field in South China, was consecrated at the Home Knoll

last September by our late beloved Superior General. On his return to China this spring he was given a royal reception by the *Jesuit Fathers of Hong Kong*. The reception was held at the Regional Seminary, and Bishop Ford was presented with a burse which gives one of his Kaying Chinese candidates for the priesthood free tuition for seven years at the Regional Seminary. Bishop Ford's heartfelt gratitude can well be imagined.

Kongmoon (South China) Sets Bait for Filling St. Peter's Nets—

¶ AT Sacred Heart Hospital in Toishan Dr. Harry Blaber, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the young bride (a trained nurse) whom he brought to China on his return to the Kongmoon Vicariate this spring do not lack work, though their instruments for its accomplishment could be improved upon. Doctor Blaber writes of a poor man suffering from acute appendicitis who walked six miles to the hospital, not having even his bus fare, and of another unfortunate, suffering from a gangrened leg, who was thrown out of his home and forced to beg until the American doctor took his case in hand. Mrs. Blaber is hoping that as time goes on a hospital for women may be opened.

¶ At Loting Father Kennelly has been permitted by the authorities to visit the jail weekly and to teach Cath-

olic doctrine to the prisoners.

¶ From *Sancian Island* Father Cairns writes that he expects three Maryknoll Sisters this autumn. "So my Robinson Crusoe days will soon be over", he says, "and ladies of Sancian will be flocking to the Church. The Sisters are going to live in an old Chinese mud-house and do some pioneering."

¶ Kongmoon has a *veterinarian-catechist*, who has taken the Canton Government course in treating water buffalo plague. Lo Yik Hung, accompanied by some priest or catechist who can profit by the contacts made, is now prepared to go to any district where this plague breaks out. Just another apostolic bait for filling St. Peter's nets!

Kaying's (South China) Projected "Cathedral"—

¶ THE Kaying Vicariate has a *Catechist Training School* which, though in existence only a few years, has produced gratifying results. Last Lent the members of this catechist school asked their director, Father Quinn, to cut down on their food, in order that money might be saved for their membership in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. The self-imposed mortification was faithfully observed, and at the end of Lent the aspirant catechists joined the mission aid society at the cost of their none too ample rice bucket.

¶ Fathers Downs and Thomas Malone were invited recently to the open

HAIL, THOU VIRGIN QUEEN OF HEAVEN,

ing of a new Municipal Hospital in *Tsiaoleang*. The Mayor of the city presided and called on Father Downs for a speech. The following day the two Maryknollers found that they had been further honored with the distinction of being named Patrons of the Hospital. The Church gained much locally by this publicity.

¶ Christians of the *Kaying Vicariate* who have emigrated to Singapore and its environs have sent back over three hundred dollars towards the building of Bishop Ford's projected "Cathedral".

Sleeping on "Soft Pine" in the Wuchow Mission (South China)—

¶ THE architect of Monsignor Meyer's Preparatory Seminary at *Tanchuk* was Maryknoll's Brother Lawrence, loaned for the task by Bishop Walsh of Kongmoon. The finished edifice won for Brother Lawrence highly deserved praise, and while it was going up he added not a little to his experience of building in China. The first thing to keep in mind, advises Brother Lawrence, is that the length of a "foot" ruler varies widely and constantly in that land. So it must be seen at the start that everyone's ruler is of the acceptable length, and constant checking up on this is necessary.

¶ The *Pinglo* mission was "resurrected" last March, after the passing of over two hundred years (Franciscans had a mission in *Pinglo* from 1692 to 1724), by Father Edmund Toomey. The first Mass was offered in his "rented shop" quarters on the Feast of Saint Joseph, and was attended only by Brother Lawrence, two catechists, the cook and the house boy.

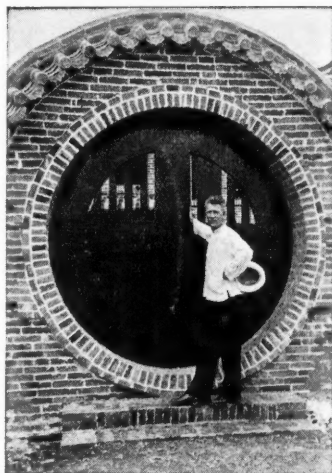
Towards the end of the month Father Toomey was visited by Fathers Regan and Foley and a Filipino Catholic doctor. He had only one extra bed, but the sleeping problem was speedily solved. The chapel door was removed and served for one "couch", while Father Foley picked the dining table, claiming that it was made of "soft pine"!

Catholic Action in Fushun (Manchukuo)—

¶ ON a recent mission journey, Father Jacques, pastor of *Ch'a-Kou*, met at a bus station a Chinese pa-

gan for whom he had done a favor three years previously. To show that his gratitude endured the man bought the bus tickets for Father Jacques and his No. 1 employee. Maryknoll missionaries have often experienced similar proofs of Chinese gratitude.

¶ At *Sin Pin*, the mission where our late Father Francis Bridge spent himself so zealously for his adopted people, Father Haggerty records an increasing



FATHER WILLIAM MULCAHY, OF FRAMINGHAM, MASS., AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE OF THE WUCHOW MISSION PREPARATORY SEMINARY AT TANCHUK. FATHER MULCAHY, DIRECTOR OF THE SEMINARY, IS ASSISTED BY FATHER GEORGE GILLIGAN, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., AND BY NATIVE TEACHERS

number of catechumens.

¶ A fine lot are Father Hewitt's Christians of the Chinese Mission in *Dairen* (Maryknoll has likewise a Japanese Mission in that large city). Among them "Catholic Action" is what the name signifies, and these poverty stricken people have contributed of their want towards the building of a new church. It is sorely needed, since *Sacred Heart Church* in *Dairen* is lodged in a noisy factory building, and

GOD is touching the souls of American youths with the fire of the apostolate to heathen lands.

the high rent gives the pastor a monthly heartache.

How Children's Age Is Reckoned in Korea—

¶ AT *Masan* Father Carroll told his Korean flock about Maryknoll's Father Clarence Burns, still the captive of bandits in Manchukuo. Of their own accord the Christians decided to observe a day of fast, as an offering for the release of the young missionary. They are also reciting nightly for the same intention the Rosary and the Litany of St. Francis Xavier.

¶ Father Steinbach's new Catholic Sanatorium at *Chinnampo* was completed on June first. It holds fifteen or twenty patients. Father Steinbach raised funds for the Sanatorium by teaching English to doctors of the Chinnampo Government Hospital, where the head doctor is a good friend of the Maryknollers.

¶ From *Shingishu* Father Nolan writes: "According to Korean reckoning, children are one year old the day they are born, and two years old the following New Year. Hence it is possible for a child to be two years old before he has been around a month (Page Mr. Ripley)."

Shipwreck on Lake Biwa (Japan)—

¶ LAKE *BIWA*, like the Sea of Galilee, storms suddenly, as one of our Japanknollers, Father McKillop, discovered not so long ago. As he was trying to hold his own against the wind and waves, an oar broke and he could only row in circles. A ferry plying between Zeze and Ishigama came to his rescue in the nick of time, the courteous captain making a complete turn of the ferry in order to bring the shipwrecked missionary back to Zeze. "Hereafter," writes Father McKillop, "I shall do my sailing on dry land."

¶ *Hikone* is north of Zeze (Otsu), where Father Byrne and his language students have their present Center House in Japan, at a distance of about an hour and a half along the railroad. In this town of 40,000 inhabitants Fathers Whitlow and Joseph Daly have discovered five Catholic families. Little is known of the Church in *Hikone* as yet, but it has given the Maryknollers a warm welcome.

MISTRESS UNTO ANGELS GIVEN,

Cesareo Wins the War

By S. J. M.



MARYKNOLL SISTERS FROM ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL IN MANILA VISIT POOR FAMILIES OF THE OLD WALLED SECTION OF THE CITY. THE MARYKNOLLERS ARE SISTER DOLORITA HEANEY, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y. (RIGHT), SISTER FREDERICA HALL, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., AND SISTER VIRGINIA MARIE LYNN, OF PHILADELPHIA, PA. (NOW IN SHANGHAI). MANUEL, HERO OF THE STORY BELOW, PROUDLY EXHIBITS HIS BELOVED CESAREO



LAIM to distinction could be made by Manuel. He wore his hair somewhat parted and his clothes rather clean (his mother being a *lavandera* and he, her only son) and he carried himself with the grace of a young prince and conducted himself with the braggadocio of a little brigand. Moreover, he possessed an excellent game cock named Cesareo and a father in Bilibib prison.

Living in one of the indescribably dirty, crowded and disease-ridden courts of the Walled City, he should have been, by all human reckoning, dull, emaciated and ill-formed. But he was miraculously sturdy, straight and sharp.

"They Won't Take Her!"—

One October morning he came whis-

ting up the alley which let in upon the court, Cesareo resting snugly in one arm and the other hand free to stroke the cock or work what mischief he would as he came along. The court, overrun with children and cats, full of rusted old iron and soggy wood, was festooned this morning with the handiwork of the *lavanderas*—garments of all colors and sizes hung limply from the network of clothes lines. But he saw that his mother's shallow tubs were still sitting on the ground and that her

Gifts for the

MARYKNOLL SISTERS

at home or in the missions
should be addressed to:

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS

MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

deserted wash soaked there in various stages of completion. He looked about for her.

Some children sailing an improvised boat in a mud puddle caught sight of him, nudged one another and fell to whispering among themselves. An old woman who was still crouching over her wash looked up and saw him. "*Ave Maria! Here is Manuel.*" Several other women appeared in the doorways. The old granny got up, groaning and wiping her hands on her faded cotton skirt. "Boy, come here." Half frightened, half impudent, he avoided her and, jumping into a darkened entry, raced down the narrow hallway and up the crooked, creaking stairs. "Mother! Mother!"

She was lying on her mat on the floor, her face a sickly green and her knees drawn up almost to her chin. The windowless room was fetid and dark. Several women were around her, crying and patting her hand and murmuring little endearments to her.

Manuel threw Cesareo into a corner and dropped down beside her. "Mother! Mother!" She looked at him and forced up the corners of her lips. "Maning." The word was a caress. He put his face down and rubbed it against hers. "Are you hurt? What hurt you?" She moved restlessly, her lips twitching. One of the women tried to draw him away. "Your mother is sick, Manuel, the good *Madres* are in the next court and they are coming here. Maybe they will take her to the hospital and make her all well."

He sat back on his heels and stared at her. "They won't take her! I won't let them!"

"That's his grandfather for you," said one of the women.

The Madre Meets Opposition—

There was a sound of footsteps in the hallway, the sharp bark of a dog, and a soft reprimand in a woman's voice and then, in the dim doorway stood a Sister, not a very big Sister, who wore a white habit and a gay quizzical air which seemed to say, "Now what is the matter here? And is that all? Well, that can be fixed in a jiffy."

But Manuel saw only her white habit and all the bitterness his old grandfather had so painstakingly instilled in

HOLY VIRGIN, HIGH IN GLORY,

his heart rose up in him. He went to the doorway, stretched out his hands and gripped both sides desperately.

"Good morning!" said the visitor.

Manuel looked at her, his eyes black with impudent scorn.

"Is it your mother who is sick?"

One of the women in the room began, "You see, *Madre*, his grandfather was a revolutionary. He didn't believe in God or—"

"And his father—" began another.

Encouraged with this reminder of his rabid ancestry, Manuel said boldly, "My mother has plenty friends. And we belong to the Philippine Independent Church." And his hands did not move.

The Sister looked at him steadily. "I'd like to be nice to you," she said, "but your mother is very sick and must be taken care of—so I haven't the time. If you don't behave like a gentleman and let me in I'll have to spank you."

It was not a challenge, but the honest publication of a program. His hands began to shake a little and he took them down and put them in his pockets and, as he did so, the Sister passed him and went over to his mother. Through the examination and questioning that followed he stood in the corner, kicking his cock now and then, and fingering his knife with nervous hatred. In a very short time it was decided that his mother should go to the hospital, that she should go right away and, after another brief space, she was carried carefully downstairs and taken away.

"I Stay Here"—

Somehow, he was left alone in the room with the Sister, who poked about and discovered what they had and what they had not. "What will you do while your mother is away?"

"I live here," he said shortly, "I stay here."

"I'll see that you get something to eat every day," she said kindly.

He had no defiance for that simple statement, for he was even then hungry. And she went away. Then one of his mother's friends came back. "I finish the wash, bring you the money." And then, she, too, went away.

Because he had not thanked either of them he sat down on the floor, gathered the abused cock into his arms and cried copiously over its gleaming back.

A Fearful Crisis—

The food came daily, with news of his mother, and usually, the Sister brought both. Because she was attached to these necessities, Manuel tolerated her. Then one day she brought him an invitation—his mother was better and would like to see him.

"At your house?"

"At the hospital, yes."

"No."

The next day, at the time she usually

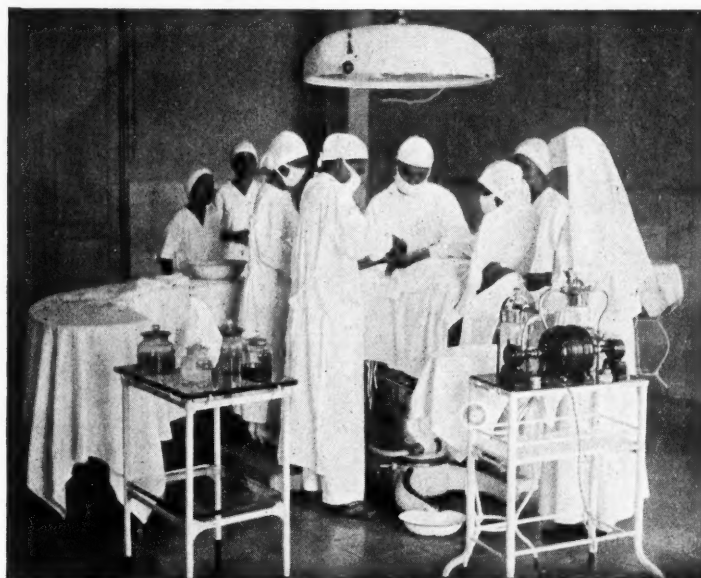
him!" She did and, gratefully, he saw that, "Is that all?" look come into her tired eyes. "You mend him?" He pressed the cock into her hands.

Manuel Surrenders—

"We mend him." She confirmed his hopes. This fearful crisis passed, he dropped his eyes and studied his bare toes for a long moment.

"My mother?"

"She is a little better today."



THE OPERATING ROOM IN SAINT PAUL'S HOSPITAL, MANILA. THE MARYKNOLL SISTER ON DUTY IS ASSISTED BY FILIPINA NURSES TRAINED AT SAINT PAUL'S. NINE YEARS AGO HIS GRACE, THE ARCH-BISHOP OF MANILA, ENTRUSTED THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS WITH THE MANAGEMENT OF SAINT PAUL'S HOSPITAL

came, he started for the cock pit with Cesareo under his arm.

An hour after he had set out the dispensary at *St. Paul's Hospital* was thrown into small confusion because a little boy, with a badly damaged cock under his arm, came running in and insisted upon seeing the *Madre*—right away. And the problem of finding the *Madre* among many was solved when she herself came in from her rounds with her little black bag in one hand and her little brown basket in the other. Manuel rushed to her.

"I was taking Cesareo to the fight to show him how—and he got away and flew under a *carromata*—and look at

"I like to see her."

She waited, making him go the whole penitential way.

"Please, please, please—" It was a generous surrender when it came.

She called to a nearby nurse. "Now you go with Miss Garcia to see your mother, while we mend Cesareo." He trudged off, beaming, and turned at the doorway to catch her eye and be reassured once more as to Cesareo's condition. She smiled and nodded and saw him, quite satisfied, disappear after the white-clad nurse.

And the hands that turned to the mending of Cesareo did their work with the sure and gentle skill of gratitude.

HEAVEN AND EARTH SHALL SING THY STORY,

"Beautiful Severity"



IN THE SUMMER OF 1935 THE FATHER OF MARYKNOLL BIDS GODSPEED TO THE YOUNG MISSIONERS WHO IN APRIL OF 1936 RECEIVED AT THEIR STANLEY LANGUAGE SCHOOL, HONG KONG, A CABLE TELLING THEM THAT THE FAREWELL WAS FOR THIS WORLD



HE passing of a loved one ten thousand miles away is attended by circumstances of added poignancy—its unexpectedness, the long wait for detailed news and, most heart stirring experience of

all, the arrival of one or several letters written by a hand now stilled in death.

So it was with the overseas sons and daughters of Maryknoll when our Founder and Father General went to God. They were rejoicing in news of his improved health as the sad message came, and received his thanks for birthday

greetings after the arrival of the cable announcing his death. The following diary comes from the Maryknoll House at Stanley, Hong Kong. From there the contents of the cable were telegraphed to the interior of China, and in every Maryknoll mission the tolling of the chapel bell assembled the Christians to pray for the repose of the soul of their great benefactor.

Stanley, April 14, 1936—

At this time of the year Stanley is beautiful. The spring sun glorifies the fragrant hillsides, and the laborers sing at their hard task of crushing rocks. The chapel is radiant with palms, evergreens, roses, lilies and chrysanthemums. Our joy is increased by the Easter greetings received today from Father General.

A passage in his letter reads: "God knows what the future will bring, but I am happy to say that I have gained considerable strength in the past several weeks, so that occasionally now I can visualize myself as moving out again."

Stanley, April 15, 1936—

A sunless sky, and a hillside quite unattractive. The flowers in the chapel have lost their beauty and grown old since yesterday. Why no happy hearts, no smiling faces, no conversations?

Ossining, N. Y.—(sent) 4/14—10:42 A.M. (arrived) 4/15—Noon

Maryknoll Fathers, Hong Kong.

"FATHER GENERAL DIED THIS MORNING, INFORM ALL MISSIONS. . . DROUGHT".

Stanley, April 19, 1936—

Following articles in *The Hong Kong Telegraph* (April 15, 1936) and *The South China Morning Post* (April 16, 1936) about the death of our Father General, we have received from all sides telegrams and letters of sympathy. All express a sense of personal loss in his death.

Stanley, April 20, 1936—

Solemn Requiem Mass at Stanley for our Spiritual Father,

HEED US, MOTHER, BOWED BEFORE THEE,

guide, and intimate friend. All the ministers of the Mass were his own Maryknollers: Father George Daly, Celebrant; Father Thomas O'Melia, Deacon; Father Patrick Toomey, Subdeacon; Father John McLoughlin, Master of Ceremonies; Father James Smith, Thurifer; Fathers Sprinkle and Lima, Acolytes. The choir which beautifully and uniformly chanted the Mass consisted of a group of Maryknoll Sisters. The Maryknoll Brothers were represented by Brother Albert. In the congregation were several other Maryknollers: Father William Downs, Father Joseph McGinn, Father Mark Churchill and Father James McClarnon.

Dignitaries of the Church were present, numerous priests, representatives of the various religious institutions of Hong Kong and Kowloon, and Chinese students from the Maryknoll Sisters' *Holy Spirit School*. Irish, English, Germans, Swiss, French, Italians, Chinese and Americans gathered to pay their tribute of homage and affection to the memory of this supra-national bishop.

The eulogy was preached by the Very Reverend George Byrne, S.J., of Ricci Hall, Hong Kong University.

"Beautiful Severity"—

Father Byrne said, in part:

"A few days ago all over the world was cabled the news: 'Bishop Walsh, Founder and General of the Maryknoll Mission Society, is dead'. Today it would seem that we have come to mourn his death. But really have we? Dead? No! A Mission Founder never dies. He lives on in his Constitutions and in all that the Constitutions imply.

"Nowhere will his spirit be more actively felt than in the very place where, we say, he died—the heart of the Missions, the training ground, the mother-house, Maryknoll overlooking the Hudson, near Ossining. The Chinese call it 'Wai Yim'—'Beautiful Severity'. The name refers to the exterior aspect of the building, but it is a happy name. It makes you think, and in thinking reach the heart of the Founder and his work.

"'Beautiful Severity'? Is there not a contradiction? Is not beauty sweet, severity hard? It is so with the severity of the world: it is not so with the severity of the Kingdom of God, which is nothing less than the sincerity of love unwavering even unto the severity of the Cross. *'In this have we known the charity of God because He hath laid down His life for us.'* 'Beautiful Severity', the realization in his own life of the spirit of these words was the



THE CHURCH OF SANTA SANNNA IN ROME PREPARED FOR THE SOLEMN PONTIFICAL MASS OF REQUIEM WHICH WAS SUNG THERE FOR MARYKNOLL'S BISHOP JAMES ANTHONY WALSH, ON APRIL 23, 1936. THE CELEBRANT WAS BISHOP RALPH L. HAYES, RECTOR OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE IN ROME. ASSISTING AT THE MASS WERE THREE CARDINALS, TWO ARCHBISHOPS, MANY OTHER PRELATES AND PRIESTS, AND NUMEROUS LAY PEOPLE WHO HAD COME TO KNOW MARYKNOLL'S GENERAL DURING HIS VISITS TO THE ETERNAL CITY

secret of the greatness of the Maryknoll Founder.

"My first impression, on shaking hands with Father Walsh, was of a 'sincere man'. Subsequent knowledge has confirmed the impression. Sincerity implies severity. The sincerity of the military leader severely crushes all obstacles. The sincerity of the apostle of Christ severely immolates his own life and inspires others to do the same: all on the altar of love—'Beautiful Se-

verity'!

"His favorite theme was the Kingdom of God. But he did not forget that his Kingdom of God was born in Bethlehem, grew up in Nazareth, was footsore questing the wandering sheep, and revealed to all the secret of a Heart by the consummation of Calvary."

The New Maryknoll—

The Requiem Mass has brought to us of Stanley spiritual joy and comfort. The three words, "Father General died", no longer carry pain and grief, because we feel that the two hearts which met at the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal some twenty-six years ago are once more united and are laying the foundations of a Maryknoll grown to manhood, a Maryknoll that has caught the warmth of smiles from two heavenly Founders.

Maryknoll is a Society of hope, of joy, of true optimism. "*Rejoice in the Lord always, again I say, rejoice*". Each of us must become another Bishop Walsh, another Father Price, and so live that when death comes we shall enter into Sion with praise, and everlasting joy shall be our possession in that new *Maryknoll-in-Heaven*.

IN THANKSGIVING

THE enclosed offering is in thanksgiving for a favor received. If possible I will send a "stringless" offering each month.—*White Plains, N. Y.*

Enclosed please find an offering in thanksgiving for a special favor received through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother.—*San Jose, Calif.*

Please publish my thanksgiving for two great favors, received from the Sacred Heart and through the intercession of St. Jude.—*Oakland, Calif.*

My work is only temporary, but it has continued from month to month, due I am sure to the Blessed Virgin's intercession.—*Dorchester, Mass.*

Through the intercession of St. Jude I received help in a matter that was quite serious to me.—*Albany, N. Y.*

PLEAD WITH JESUS, WE IMPORE THEE.

"Ploughing Back Into The Soil"

(MARYKNOLL SPONSORS are friends who "back" or support a Maryknoll missionary at one dollar a day, for as many days each month as possible. Monthly reminders are sent, and our Sponsors are assured that whenever they cannot keep up this practical co-operation, the reminder will be discontinued. Every new missionary is a blessing, but also a new "support problem", for the Home Knoll. Our Sponsors are solving this problem for us.)

F. J. R., a friend of ours in Omaha, Nebraska, writes:

"I touched the boss for a raise the other day, in these times quite an event, but I had some very able assistance from our Blessed Mother and the Sacred Heart, and I'm ploughing some of the first crop back into the soil so that it will continue fertile. In place of my monthly dollar I enclose a check for \$5.00. I'd be very happy if I didn't have to put a period after the five!"

There is quite a large family of people around the United States after the pattern of F. J. R. Interesting is the fact that many of them are splendid young men on the threshold of life who have caught the idea of transfiguring the day's business with the touch of the spiritual. Like F. J. R. they recognize that life will be finer and richer if they "plough back into the soil" a portion of their blessings in the form of personal sacrifice.

F. J. R. is a railroad man. A recent mail brings a letter from a kindred spirit, F. Y. K., of Oakland, California, who is an electrician:

"Enclosed please find my month's dollar to support a missionary. Realizing that things have become a bit easier for me of late, my wife and I are very happy to continue to do something of a charitable nature each month. Please join us in our prayers for greater earning power. We are glad to do our part to help the less fortunate."

And W. A. Y. strikes the same note:

"Enclosed is my bit to sponsor a

missioner. It's the very least I can do, yet in another way the most. It is part of my prayer that I may succeed as I have ambition to. As I succeed my contributions to my missionaries of Maryknoll will likewise grow."

We are constantly struck by the strong assurance which so many pastors throughout America express that their parishes will be



"MARIKOCHAN", OR MARIA ALEXIA SHIMAMURA, A PATIENT IN A TUBERCULOSIS HOSPITAL, WAS ONE OF THE FIRST JAPANESE BAPTIZED BY MARYKNOLL'S FATHER CLEMENT BOES FLUG, OF BISMARCK, NORTH DAKOTA

blessed by their sacrifices.

"I'm certainly happy in the thought," writes a priest of Wisconsin, "that my rather poor parish did so well in providing subscriptions to THE FIELD AFAR. Charity does not impoverish. What my people gave to you does us no dam-

THE surest and most satisfactory method of forwarding money to the Maryknoll missions is through the Center.

Checks or money orders should be made out to the Maryknoll Fathers Maryknoll, N. Y.

age, but brings graces on us all."

There is a touch of nobility in lives which possess that clairvoyance of faith which makes them see that their surest gains come from what they give.

Mission Hints

SUPPOSING you undertook to keep pace with the needs of six dioceses; it would prove arduous. Maryknollers overseas have this number of territories, with 755 stations in cities, towns and villages; the more important centers calling for churches, chapels, schools, dispensaries, convert training houses—all with a countless litany of requirements.

We cull the following from recent trans-ocean correspondence. They are samples of the steady flow of petitions which the "Number One" in each Maryknoll Mission must meet in order to keep his priests contented:

Vicariate of Kongmoon:

Milk for several hundred abandoned babies.
A dispensary for the sick poor.

Leper Colony and other dispensaries:

Bandages! Bandages!! Bandages!!!

Vicariate of Kaying:

Altar wine and candles.
A chapel.

Prefecture of Wuchow:

Towels, sheets, pillow slips, bandages.
A movie camera. A cabinet phonograph.

Prefecture of Fushun:

Land and a rectory.
A church for the Chinese.

Prefecture of Peng Yang:

A small asylum for the mentally ill, a church bell.

Hong Kong Procure:

Altar linens, amices, purificators, finger towels.

Building Up A Native Priesthood

A NATIVE CLERGY BURSE is an especially welcome arrival at Maryknoll. It means that provision has been made (\$1,500) for the continuous education of an Oriental student for the priesthood in one of our six mission fields.

We are glad to record that a benefactor in Portland, Oregon, recently began to build up for Maryknoll the *Daly Memorial Native Clergy Burse*.

"Stringless" Gifts, applied at once to urgent needs somewhere along our far-flung mission trail, were received from friends in Fond du Lac, Wis., New York City, Hartford, Conn., and Beverly, Mass.

Our *Twenty-fifth Anniversary Appeal*, for the training of a convert on the mission field, brought generous responses from many animated with the love of Christ and souls. Notable offerings came from benefactors in New York City and St. Louis, Mo.

The list of *Maryknoll Annuitants* was lengthened by the names of friends in St. Louis, Mo., Philadelphia, Pa., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and Cincinnati, O.

Lepers of South China under the care of Maryknoll were remembered by helpers of the afflicted in Cleveland, Ohio, and Washington, D. C.

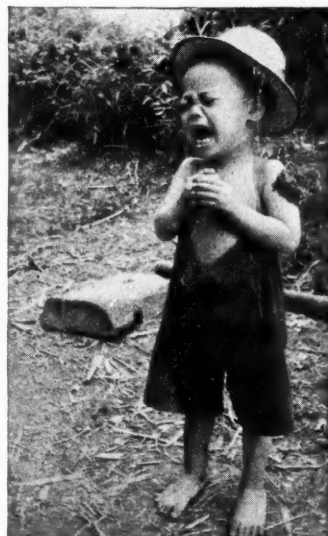
A notable offering towards the education of the Native Clergy in *Maryknoll Missions* was received from Washington, D. C., and our fields afar likewise benefited from the generosity of friends in Baltimore, Md., and New York City.

We have recently been notified of a remembrance of Maryknoll in eight *Wills*, and legacies have been received from two others.

PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

Reverend Friends, 5; Relatives of J. McH.; J. C. & Relatives; M. H. & Relatives; Mrs. C. MacD. & Relatives;

C. E. & Relatives; C. W. L. & Relatives; H. P. & Relatives; M. F. P. & Relatives; Relatives of K. S.; L. S. & Relatives; C. P. M.; B. L. & Relatives; M. C. L. & Relatives; M. L. M. & Relatives; E. F. L. & Relatives; H. B. & Relatives; N. Q.; J. P.; C. E. M.; Mrs. W. J. R. & Relatives; N. M. O'N. & Relatives; A. E. R. & Relatives;



ON THE SHOULDER OF THIS GRIEF-STRICKEN SON OF A CHINESE CHRISTIAN IS A PLASTER OF HERBS AND MUD, DESTINED TO DRAW OUT A BOIL. BUT HE'S NOT CRYING FROM PAIN. HE'S "CAMERA SHY" AND OUR FATHER JAMES FITZGERALD, OF MEDFORD, MASS., INSISTS ON TAKING HIS PICTURE!

Relatives of G. M. F.; M. W. M. & Relatives; Mrs. J. C. & Relatives; M. C. & Relatives; P. C. & Relatives; A. J. B. & Family; M. J. G.; M. L. B.; Mrs. J. M. & Relatives; H. M. & Relatives; Mrs. W. C. C. & K. H. & Relatives; A. N. & Relatives; E. G. & Relatives; B. C. & Relatives; K. C. M. & Relatives; M. W. & D. S. & Family; Mr. & Mrs. H. & Son; Mrs. P. H.; A. L. McL.

CHRIST made sacrifice the test of love.

STUDENT BURSES

A burse is a sum of money drawing yearly interest which is applied to the board, housing and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary, or at one of its Preparatory Colleges in the United States.

FOR THE MAJOR SEMINARY

(\$5,000 each)

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL BURSE, No. 2 (Reserved).....	4,900.00
Mahan Memorial Burse.....	4,630.85
St. Anthony Burse.....	4,470.13
Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse..	4,200.00
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse.	4,050.00
Dunwoody Seminary Burse.....	3,873.59
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, Burse.....	3,158.94
St. Michael Burse, No. 1.....	3,065.00
N. M. Burse.....	3,000.00
Marywood College Burse.....	2,882.00
Bishop Molloy Burse.....	2,851.00
Byrne Memorial Burse.....	2,800.25
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	2,762.85
Duluth Diocese Burse.....	2,711.71
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	2,284.63
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse...	2,264.19
Archbishop Ireland Burse.....	2,101.00
St. Bernadette of Lourdes Burse..	1,940.09
St. Dominic Burse.....	1,904.19
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse	1,738.06
St. Agnes Burse.....	1,455.88
Fr. Nummey Burse of Holy Child Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill..	1,402.55
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	1,390.38
St. Francis of Assisi, No. 2 Burse	1,130.10
St. John Baptist Burse.....	1,121.21
Manchester Diocese Burse.....	1,000.00
St. Boniface Burse.....	1,000.00
Detroit Diocese Burse.....	886.00
St. Rita Burse.....	772.65
St. Lawrence Burse.....	673.25
St. Joseph Burse, No. 2.....	661.20
Children of Mary Burse.....	655.70
St. Bridget Burse.....	630.70
Holy Family Burse.....	583.25
St. Joan of Arc Burse.....	503.61
The Precious Blood Burse (Reserved).....	500.00
The Holy Name Burse.....	478.65
St. Jude Burse.....	416.00
St. John B. de la Salle Burse.....	292.00
All Saints Burse.....	271.78
Rev. George M. Fitzgerald Burse.	233.00
St. John Berchmans Burse.....	201.00
Trinity "Wekanduit" No. 2 Burse	200.00
Jesus Christ Crucified Burse.....	190.50
Newark Diocese Burse.....	157.00
SS. Peter and Paul Burse.....	150.00
St. Peter Burse.....	106.07
Queen of the Rosary Burse.....	105.00

FOR OUR PREPARATORY COLLEGES

(\$5,000 each)

IN HONOR OF THE SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS, MARY, AND JOSEPH BURSE.....	4,802.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Reserved).....	4,500.00
"C" BURSE II.....	1,851.60
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse.....	1,727.80
Archbishop Hanna Burse (Los Altos).....	1,444.95
Most Rev. Michael J. Hoban Memorial Burse.....	1,232.00
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Burse...	1,001.00

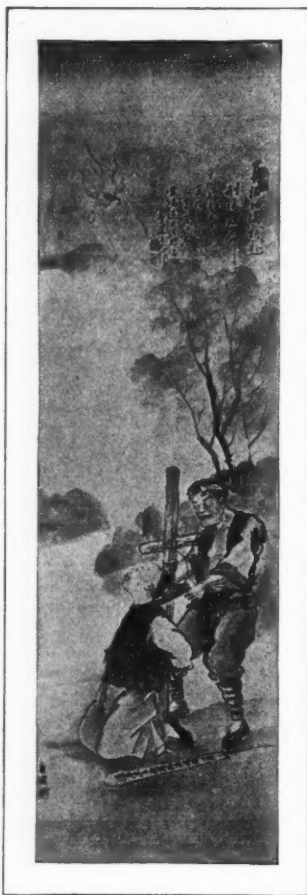
LIGHTS CANDLES OVER THE EARTH.

BLESSED Wu Kuo Cheng, one of China's glorious martyrs, first learned of the Faith through a native catechist.

In a Maryknoll field of South China where in the brief space of four years the number of Christians was more than tripled, the missionaries attributed this remarkable progress largely to the good work of native catechists.

"We must seek more funds for catechist support", writes the Superior of this field. "Our missionaries' hearts bleed at the sight of upright souls, potential saints of God, who are deprived of the True Faith because we have no catechists to send them."

Help our missionaries to increase the number of China's saints. In the Maryknoll fields of China, the monthly wage of a catechist is only \$15.



party and an additional amount obtained through the monthly dues of the Circle members. This aid will be deeply appreciated by the Sisters, some of whom have finished their year of language study and begun their special work of direct evangelization of the women and girls in the Vicariate. They are going out in groups of two and living in Chinese houses on native fare.

The meetings of the *Bishop Ford Circle* will be resumed this month, and plans for a Fall card party will be discussed.



IN PACE

WE ask prayers for the repose of the souls of the following deceased friends of the mission cause:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Michael E. Synott; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Dennis J. Ryan; Rev. Jeremiah Curtin; Rev. Francis Kunz; Rev. Patrick H. McNamara; Rev. John M. Ford; Rev. James T. Connell; Rev. John Oberholz; Sister M. Louise Sullivan; Sister M. Regina; Mother Theresa of the Trinity; Mrs. Janet A. Cairns; Edward Glass; Arthur McCabe; Theresa Quinn; Mrs. M. Keilty; Mr. Barry; Mary Smith; Agnes Kane; Peter Smith; James Leddy; Anna McGlinchey; Anna Platt; Charles Bagshaw; Mrs. Laura Braun; Mrs. William Murphy; Emma McDonnell; Bertha L. Sutton; Mrs. Martin; Elizabeth Powers; Anna M. Ryan; Thomas Moran; Ellen Kelleher; Mr. Miller; Mrs. August Kurkowski; Mary J. Radcliffe; Miss M. Hanley; Percy Nodler; Mrs. L. Francis; Bernard Albers; Mrs. Anna Knox; Mary Jane Flynn; Florence McGill; Mrs. Hellen; Mae F. O'Keefe; Mr. W. I. Adams; Mrs. Sarah A. Merritt; Mrs. Margaret Steioff; Beatrice Driscoll; Sara F. Murphy; Mr. Tiry; Mrs. Middendorf; Mrs. Joseph Bliney; William J. Cook; Elizabeth Buckley; Mrs. W. Van Wart; Mr. J. B. Turbett; Mary G. McGillicuddy; Mr. Henry McCarren; Christine Sucker; Mary Brady; John Murray; Mrs. E. Hanley; Mrs. L. Meier, Jr.; Miss Buggie; Mary McCarthy.

<i>Our Lady's Circle Burse (Los Altos)</i>	1,000.00
<i>St. Michael Burse</i>	696.32
<i>St. Aloysius Burse</i>	690.10
<i>Ven. Philippine Duchesne Burse (Los Altos)</i>	427.00
<i>St. Philomena Burse</i>	215.00
<i>Holy Ghost Burse</i>	133.00
<i>Immaculate Conception Burse</i>	119.00
<i>St. Margaret Mary Burse</i>	113.00

NATIVE STUDENT BURSSES

\$1,500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

<i>SS. ANN AND JOHN BURSE</i> ...	1,450.00
<i>Little Flower Burse</i>	1,419.89
<i>Blessed Sacrament Burse</i>	1,335.50
<i>Our Lady of Lourdes Burse</i>	1,218.00
<i>Mater Admirabilis Burse</i>	1,083.00
<i>A.L. Burse (Reserved)</i>	900.00

<i>Mary Mother of God Burse</i>	808.13
<i>McQuillen-Blömer Memorial Burse</i>	800.00
<i>Christ the King Burse, No. 2</i>	702.00
<i>Margaret Mary Memorial Burse (Reserved)</i>	600.00
<i>Flynn Memorial Burse (Reserved)</i>	596.62
<i>Maryknoll Academia Burse</i>	301.60
<i>St. Patrick Burse</i>	255.00
<i>Sacred Heart of Jesus—F. W. Burse</i>	200.00
<i>Daly Memorial Burse (Reserved)</i> ..	200.00

THE BISHOP FORD CIRCLE

THESE zealous apostolic partners of Bishop Ford and his coworkers in the Kaying Maryknoll, South China, met in June at the home of Mrs. Matthew Healy, 621 East 38th Street, Brooklyn, and sent to the Maryknoll Sisters in Kaying the proceeds of a card

HE WHO HELPS AN APOSTLE BECOMES AN APOSTLE.

THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR

The Maing Kong Ee

A true story of an UGLY DUCKLING that made good.

Alone on a hillside, with her bundle of dried grass and weeds beside her, Mok Suh Gee leaned on her bamboo rake and looked out over the incongruous pattern of thatched, tile and tin roofs of the town to the wide, blue stretch of the Tai Tong River. A dozen fishing boats, square-sailed, clumsy little Korean craft, were coming in. Above and about them circled scores of sea gulls, swooping down, now one, now another, to alight on water, spar or boom for a brief moment, then spreading their wings, rising rapidly and wheeling away to right or left with a carefree ease and grace that stirred a longing akin to envy in Mok Suh Gee's troubled heart. Pensively she contrasted her lot with that of the sea birds and took stock of troubles. They were many and for a little pagan of nine years they were overwhelmingly heavy.

First of all, and possibly the worst, she was not pretty. That cruel fact had been forced upon her so persistently by thoughtless playmates that at last she admitted it to herself, though she felt that some of those who were loudest in acclaiming it were not much prettier. Her jet black hair was hopelessly untameable. Her dress? The same old one that she had got when she entered the mission school eight months ago and worn every day since. It was literally daubed with black blotches from an unwieldy writing brush. Brushwood had taken its toll in rips and tears of the skirt. The spots on the faded pink jacket were eloquent of the fact that its wearer was wont to carry a dripping water jug on her head and a sticky-fingered baby on her back. However, she found some solace in the thought that that bright though distant day, the New Year, would bring with it the thrill of a new dress.

But there was one crushing reality from which she saw no escape. It was this unlovely name, *Maing Kong Ee*, which had lately been tagged on to her at school. For every Korean knows that the Maing Kong Ee is the most stupid of all living things, a frog that sits in a marsh or rice paddy throughout the rainy season forever piping the same dull, meaningless note with never a variation.

Read the rest of the story in **THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR**.

Fill out one of the blanks below and mail to Father Chin, Maryknoll, N. Y.

I wish to join the Maryknoll Juniors for one year.
Please send me information about my obligations and privileges.

My Name

My Address

My Age

Enclosed please find twenty-five cents for one year's subscription to **THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR**. Send it to:

.....
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